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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN YEARS.
FROM A PICTURE BY R. WESTALL, R.A., IN THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION.
By Permission of Her Majesty.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The teller of good stories, when his reputation is made, has in his lifetime many advantages. All the good stories of those who have not made their reputation are attributed to him: even their inventors themselves sometimes put his name to them in order that they shall obtain the praise which to the unknown raconteur is never accorded. Dull stories, on the other hand, are seldom laid at his door, lest he should scornfully disclaim them and denounce the child-dropper; but, when the teller of good stories is dead, his prosperity ceases, and he becomes the prey of the parapraphist. All sorts of tales—good, bad, and indifferent—are put into his dumb mouth, but especially such as would have no chance of acceptance on their own merits. No man has suffered more in this way than Mr. Spurgeon. To one who knew the genuine humour of the man it is little less than sacrilege. His abundant possession of this kindly gift, in combination with his Calvinistic creed, has often been wondered at, but without it he would probably have preached that faith in vain. Though himself one of the kindliest of men, Calvin—the man who threw Servetus into prison and left him there “covered with vermin” till he haled him out to be burnt alive—was his ideal theologian. Calvin’s views it would have been absolutely impossible to preach to a nineteenth-century congregation in the crude, dogmatic form in which they were originally accepted; but something like them Spurgeon did contrive to convey. How a man who holds them, with their necessary consequence to nine-tenths of his fellow-creatures, can be a person “of infinite jest” is an anomaly only explicable on a ground the author of the “Down Grade” would never have admitted—namely, the indiarubber character of “I believe”; but so it was.

Moreover, Spurgeon successfully grappled, as regarded his hearers, with an even greater difficulty. There are many persons who bear with philosophy the misfortunes that are prophesied to other people; but nobody likes to have his particular peccadilloes alluded to in public. Preachers rarely risk their popularity by such personalities, but reserve their most trenchant weapons for “the infidel” or “the democrat” not present; but Mr. Spurgeon, who knew his congregation as a shepherd his sheep, applied the salve where it was really needed, and rubbed it in; and that they still admired and loved him speaks volumes for their minister. In the use of homely metaphor, drawn from the most ordinary experience, he resembled Latimer; but he would hardly have laid the whist-table under contribution, as the good Bishop did: “Now you have heard what is meant by the first card, and how to play it. I propose again to deal to you another card of the same suit, for they be so nigh affinity that one cannot well be played without the other.”

The quality, next to his generosity and unselfishness, that gave Mr. Spurgeon his great popularity, notwithstanding the strictness and intolerance of his creed, was his sympathy with what some call human weaknesses and others “innocent enjoyments.” As Charles Dickens used to say of himself, he was “very human,” and greatly addicted to cigars of the best brand. The turmoil that arose out of his characteristic statement that he “smoked to the glory of God” was considerable, but he stuck to his guns. The expression, he admitted, had “an ill sound, but in the sense in which I employed it I will stand to it.” To this he added words that deserve to be written in letters of gold: “There is growing up in society a Pharisaic system which adds to the commands of God the precept of men, ‘To that system I will not yield for an hour.’”

To enjoy the launching of a ship thoroughly you should go to it with a person who has never seen such a sight before. He has new views upon the subject, which, if not absolutely valuable to those who have given their attention to naval matters, are striking and even amusing. When I “assisted” (not very much) at the launch of the Grafton, the other day, from the Thames Iron Works, I was very fortunate in this respect; for my friend Jones was with me, who lives in the inland county of Berks, where they call a sheep a “ship,” but are quite out of the way of even passing vessels. A ship out of water is a spectacle calculated to excite the wonder of the uncultivated mind, but in that of Jones it excited a positive reverence. I heard him murmur to himself, “The Ark! The Ark!” which was not a compliment to the beautiful lines of the Grafton, but showed his thoughts to be in the right direction. What troubled me—for Jones speaks in a loud voice, and there were eminent nautical persons in our neighbourhood—was that he would call the vessel “it,” which I felt might be taken in bad part. “Why?” he exclaimed, looking up at her gigantic bows, under which we stood, “do they push it in backwards?” The inquiry was too full of errors to admit of explanation, and being also much ashamed of it, I only replied “Hush!” “Well,” he continued, with the air of a connoisseur, “I should think it would be much easier to do it sideways.” I was happy to be able to tell him that this idea had been acted upon in the case of the Great Eastern (*née* the Leviathan), though not with immediate success. Presently he inquired, after a long pause, during which the bottle to be used for the christening of the ship

seemed to attract a disproportionate share of his attention, “What is the crew?” “My dear Jones, you must surely know what the crew is. ‘Besides, they are not on board.’” “No, no, I mean the *cru* of the champagne.” To judge by the shape of the bottle, it was not that wine at all, but perhaps Steinberger (Cabinet), and I took the opportunity to admonish his frivolity by informing him that vessels like the Grafton, which steam twenty knots an hour, do not require any transitory stimulant to start them. This reproof had a wholesome effect, for, with the exception of a smothered aspiration that the Grafton might not, under alcoholic excitement, start the other way (which would have been over us), Jones henceforth remained silent until after the launching. I am sorry to be obliged to add that he made up for it after the luncheon, when he became so extremely fluent upon nautical affairs that a less perfectly good-tempered companion than myself might have suggested that he was “half seas over.” This would, however, have been grossly untrue; he only wished to be in union with his surroundings, which so impressed and worked upon him that there is now no greater authority upon naval architecture than himself on “the Downs”—that is, the Berkshire Downs.

Mr. Besant, in the *New Review*, gives us a capital account of the system of literary collaboration. There is one point of it quite idyllic. He recommends the novelist to discover some young girl, “intelligent, sympathetic, and quick,” who will “lend him her ear and listen to his plot. . . . His characters, which were dim and shapeless, will then become articulate.” I have not a doubt of it; I can fancy the tender passages especially improving wonderfully under this arrangement, and a good deal more vigour being thrown into the proposals. In the case of a young and rising storyteller, it may be easy to find a collaborator of this engaging kind; but when a novelist is getting on in years there may be a difficulty in getting her to “lend him her ear”: it is probable that somebody else may have been promised the loan of it. If he is married it is also just possible—for women, even when angels, have their little jealousies—that his wife may object to such an arrangement. One can imagine a dramatic situation arising from it not included in the author’s plot. A feeble voice pleading that “we were only collaborating,” and a more resolute one replying that that system of composition must be put a stop to. An ancient writer says of literary composition, “A little thing gives perfection” (perhaps the “little thing” is the young lady recommended by Mr. Besant), but he is careful to add, “yet perfection is not a little thing.”

After all, it is impossible to give rules for composition to diverse minds. Every author has his own way of doing things. The prolific ones are, of course, suspected of writing carelessly; but there have been many good writers whose laborious alterations have been the reverse of improvements. In spite of certain classical advice to the contrary, a manuscript does not improve by keeping it in a desk, as wine does in a cellar. Churchill used to compare blotting and correcting to “cutting away one’s own flesh”; but this may have been mere literary vanity, the fancy value he put on lines of his own production. “It is certain, however,” writes a great critic, “that some authors cannot correct. They compose with pleasure and with ardour; but they exhaust all their force. The first fire does not return. . . . Their mind is like a boat which only advances by the strength of the oars.” On the other hand, Balzac used to spend a week on a page, and Gray on a line. On which the author of the “Curiosities of Literature” coolly remarks, “It is hard to say whether this arises from the sterility of their genius or their sensibility of taste.” As to collaborating, I have known authors so incapable of it that even if they reveal their proposed plot to another person, they are henceforth rendered incapable of carrying it out.

The elephant in the Zoological Gardens in Paris must be a very reasonable creature. He suffers from toothache, and if in proportion to his size, he must suffer a good deal; yet, while it is being stopped and filled, we are told, he is exceedingly patient, only “gently moving his trunk” when the operation is particularly painful. A word of praise is also surely due to the dentist. A man might have earned the Victoria Cross and yet have some misgivings when that trunk began to wave. In the case in question it was only employed “to caress the operator,” by way of fee, when the proceedings were concluded; but it might have been put to a different use. The report does not inform us whether the elephant is placed in a chair with his head well back, a position with which most of us are only too well acquainted. There is a little difficulty, it seems, in inducing him to take laughing gas, which he may think beneath his dignity. I remember a bear in the Zoological Gardens at Edinburgh who was one of the first patients indebted to chloroform. He too, poor beast, suffered from toothache, and would sit up for hours with his claw in his mouth uttering the most terrible groans. After the operation he, too, showed his gratitude—in a sort of way—for he tried to “hug” the dentist.

In a scientific lecture upon the “Modern Battle” a military expert concludes that “men are of more consequence than manœuvres,” and holds, above all, the

necessity for a training that shall “teach the soldier how to die, and not how to avoid dying.” To a civilian who is taxed to defray the estimates, this does not seem economic advice. With an army so small and so very expensive as our own, one would think that the learning how to die should be the very last rung of the educational ladder, and to avoid dying a principle not to be lost sight of from the first. The intention of the lecturer was doubtless to make light of the proverb, “he who lives to run away may live to fight another day,” but there is a medium in all things. Indeed, in the case of skirmishers, he admits that “they should fight like wild Indians, who think it disgraceful to be killed in battle.” From this many will learn for the first time what the “Intelligence Department” of our army consists of—the skirmishers.

Medical circles in Germany are much interested in the case of a Silesian miner who has been asleep in a hospital for nearly five months, and who defies all efforts to wake him. His hair grows, though not his beard, and his colour is healthy. This cataleptic condition for so long a time is stated to be unparalleled, but this is not so. In old times, as was natural, since they had little else to do, some persons slept much longer. Marcus Damascenus writes of a rustic in Germany who, laying down one summer day in a state of great weariness under a hayrick, slept through the autumn into the following winter, and when they came to fetch the hay away they found him. This was nothing to the many instances of persons who slept seven years (always seven, as though they had taken a lease of sleep), or even seventy-seven, which they discovered “by the moneys in their pockets being of a different stamp” to the current coin. In Luconia, in Muscovy, there used to be a people who regularly fell asleep from Nov. 27 till April 24, “thereby avoiding the intensity of the winter’s cold,” so Baron Mun—no, Baron Herberstein tells us; and I wish we could do it in London. Even a better device was used by some people of antiquity—that of going into “ecstacies,” or trances, when the soul visited various parts of the world while the body remained in *stato quo*, and apparently dead. Our modern Mahatmas are said to be plagiarists of this plan; but there are serious disadvantages about it. The famous Johannes Scotus was found in this inert condition by those who did not understand his ways, and buried alive; while Hermotimus, similarly misunderstood, was burnt on a funeral pyre, “by which his returning soul was disappointed of its usual place of residence and retreat.”

In a recent number of the *Asclepiad* there is an article on “Tears,” which contains much that will be novel to many people—in particular, the assertion that tears are called forth by fear, anxiety, and affection, but not by pain, even when extending to agony. Most of us have, unfortunately, seen our fellow-creatures cry with pain. The common case of a boy under punishment will occur to every schoolmaster, though no doubt the young gentleman often “turns on the tap” more than he needs to do; while, on the contrary, persons who (unlike Lord Nelson) have known fear assure me that it has had no such effect on them. They turn white, perspire profusely, and their knees knock together, but they never cry. I have been afraid myself (though only of doing some fellow-creature a wrong), but never cried about it. The writer in the *Asclepiad* goes on to say that a well-known player, being asked how he wept at will, replied, “By calling up the remembrance of my dead father.” That is making use of a departed relative indeed. Authors have been accused of making “copy” out of their family bereavements, but that is nothing compared with this convenient *in memoriam*. A “utility” man, it seems, may be dead as well as living.

It is generally supposed that it is only judges who have the power of shedding tears at an advanced age, but eminent counsel occasionally display this gift. A century ago it was common enough among lawyers. At Horne Tooke’s trial the Attorney-General (Scott), who was against him, fell into the error of justifying his own character: “It is the little inheritance I have to leave to my children, and, with Heaven’s help, I will leave it unimpaired.” Here he began to sob; and, not to be behindhand, the Solicitor-General (Mitford) began to weep in concert. “Look at Mitford! What on earth is he crying for?” said a bystander to Tooke. “He is crying,” was the reply, “to think of the little inheritance Scott’s children are likely to get.”

The prevailing demand for short stories will not suffer from a lack of supply. They are not generally of a nature to shake the nerves of their readers by exciting incidents or dramatic situations. The collection called, “In the Midst of Life,” by Ambrose Bierce, is however, an exception to the rule: they are American, but not at all like the stories that usually come to us from across the Atlantic. The only writer of that country of whom they remind one is Edgar Poe. Except for the drawback of a rather visible straining after effect, they are meritorious productions: vigorous and grim, with a certain weirdness about them that is very attractive. “An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge” is especially worthy of attention, and is certainly an occurrence that does not take place every day. It is a capital book for the railway in the daytime, but not for the night mail.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I am told by the Serjeant-at-Arms who is a devoted admirer of *Punch*, that I have lately been drawn by Mr. Harry Furniss, a chartered disrester of persons and majestic symbols, as if I were an infant suddenly rapt from my slumbers in a cradle to grace the ceremonial of the opening of Parliament. I do not resent the image, for I have responded to the call of public duty with the freshness of a babe. There are people to whom the forms of the House of Commons are particularly irritating at the beginning of a Session. Some anarchists, I believe, would like to do away with that military expedition in the vaults of the House in search of Guy Fawkes. Others are impatient with the etiquette which prescribes the pomp and circumstance attending the delivery of the Queen's Speech. They even go so far, I understand, as to denounce the waste of time in the reading of notices of motion. Now, this is a part of the business which I have always enjoyed. It is delightful to see the rush of members to the table to put down their respective theories for the regeneration of mankind. There is the smallest possible chance that any of them will ever get a hearing. Yet, regardless of their doom, the reformers come up fresh and smiling, jostling one another in their eagerness to secure comfortable niches in the Temple of Fame. What does it matter if some beautiful scheme for the permanent establishment of virtue and discomfiture of vice never gets beyond the mellifluous announcement of its purpose by its author? He has done justice to the noble sentiments which reign in his bosom, and he has proved to his constituents that he is one of the apostles of humanity.

But let me take these marvels in their proper order. For the purely formal business of the reading of the Queen's Speech, there was a small audience of her Majesty's faithful Commons, but when the House reassembled after the usual interval there was a great muster to witness the appearance of Mr. Balfour in his new capacity as First Lord of the Treasury. There were some sad gaps in the assembly. I missed the genial visage of Mr. Smith, with its perpetual expression of absolute devotion to the public business. Gone, too, was the curious inelegance, the hat tilted on the nose, and the general posture of languid indifference which betokened the substantial intelligence of Lord Hartington. On the Irish benches I saw no more than pale and handsome face, with its mask-like smile, which had once held the secrets of a united party and shadowed forth the force of a nation. Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites sat together in uncongenial proximity. Mr. Dillon was dimly visible under the gallery, and Mr. John Redmond stood at the bar with the dignity of an independent Opposition; and Mr. McCarthy, with his air of resignation and subdued protest against the eminence thrust upon him, recalled the saintliness of Justin Martyr. But the figure I missed the most was that of the old man eloquent, for never did the House of Commons crave more eagerly for Mr. Gladstone's silvery tones and majestic periods. It was an occasion that demanded the lofty rhetoric of which Mr. Gladstone is the only living master. He alone could have treated the death of the Duke of Clarence as if the theme were perfectly fresh, and without the laborious commonplace in which the House loses itself in the magician's absence. The mover and seconder of the Address were appropriately doleful. Mr. Hermon-Hodge, fiercely martial in a yeomanary uniform, and Mr. Milvain, subdued in a Court dress, treated the dolorous topic with dutiful observance. Sir William Harcourt indulged in prodigious grief. There seemed to be no end to his lamentations, which were accompanied by much pocket-handkerchief and a great rubbing of his double-eyeglass. Mr. Balfour was equally unhappy, as he laboured through elaborate phrases of condolence, while the House listened in a deep and dumb dejection, broken now and then by sympathetic murmurs on the back benches.

From a spectacular point of view, the House was at its best during the introduction of new members. This is a performance in which I always take a particular delight. The new member stands at the bar in the most abject state between his two introducers, as if he were a very limp Eugene Aram, with gyes upon his wrist. Then he walks up the floor, bobbing nervously towards the Speaker, and evidently wondering whether he will be asked any questions as to his spiritual belief by the stern clerk at the table. Even more entertaining is the old member who has been re-elected during the recess. There was Sir James Fergusson, for instance, who tried to assume an air of childlike innocence amidst the mildly derisive cheers of his friends. Mr. John Redmond stalked up with that look of careless independence which becomes the heir of Mr. Parnell's mantle. A Scotch representative seemed to think he was at a ball, and assumed a graceful gait as of one who is setting to his partner in the lancers. But the greatest interest was excited by the appearance of Mr. Frederick Smith and of the heroes of South Molton and Rossendale. Mr. Smith was cordially received for his

father's sake; but when Mr. Lambert advanced to the table the Opposition broke into stormy cheers; and Mr. Maden's advent was hailed with prolonged shouts of joy, amidst which the shrill cry of Mr. T. D. Sullivan was doubtless agreeable to the patriotic though not to the musical ear. Then came the Speaker's annual recitation of the standing orders, and the interminable notices of motion, singled out by the clerk's haphazard choice of numbers from a box, and delivered by members with various degrees of eloquence ineptitude. Once only during this long ordeal did the House break into mirth. It was when "number one" was found to be Mr. Sydney Gedge, who, with the deepest solemnity, announced that he had appointed himself the censor of deacons in the Church of England. For the rest, I have only a vague remembrance of marriage with a deceased wife's sister and innumerable notices from the rival Irish parties.

In the debate on the Address Sir William Harcourt distinguished himself by an unexpected attack on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a still more unexpected indictment of Lord Salisbury's speech at Exeter. Mr. Goschen, according to his old foe, is always nibbling and fumbling, and the Prime Minister loves nothing so much as playing with the torch of religious discord. Mr. Balfour defended his colleague and his uncle with spirit, but neither the attack nor the defence had much substance; and I noticed that the Serjeant had a curious spectral look, which confirmed the suspicion I have long entertained that Mr. Erskine is a Theosophist, and that when the

place in 1855, but was beaten by Mr. Grafton. He is the son of a solicitor in Newcastle-on-Tyne, from which town hails, curiously enough, Mr. Milvain, the seconder of the Address. Mr. Hodge has not been a frequent speaker, but he is understood to favour Imperial Federation, and he is, socially, well known in Parliament and in London. He acquired the name of Hermon on his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Edward Hermon, once member for Preston.

Mr. Thomas Milvain, the seconder, has sat for Durham since 1855. He is a barrister, with a practice on the North-Eastern Circuit, and he has perhaps the special credit with his party of having broken through a long tradition of Liberal success in the city which he represents. His education was begun at Durham Grammar School, continued at Trinity College, Cambridge, and completed at the Middle Temple. He is forty-seven years old, and is a steady, though not a talkative, supporter of the Government.

THE LATE MR. C. H. SPURGEON.

The death of Mr. Spurgeon has called forth an abundance of tributes from the public and the press which has scarcely any parallel in recent times. The remains of the late preacher were removed by train from Mentone to Paris and thence to England, where it arrived on Feb. 8. The body was received at the Victoria Station by the Rev. James Spurgeon, brother of the deceased. Placed on a hearse, with funeral

wreaths and flowers, and followed by ten mourning-carriages, it was escorted, by the route of Westminster Bridge, to the Pastors' College, behind the Metropolitan Tabernacle at Newington, and was deposited there in the hall, where a brief religious service was performed.

On Tuesday, Feb. 9, the coffin lay in state all day in the Tabernacle, beneath the platform on which Mr. Spurgeon had been accustomed to preach. It was viewed by many thousands of people, the number being roughly estimated as between fifty and one hundred thousand. Memorial services took place next day, and on Thursday, Feb. 11, there was a funeral service for the chief mourners and the members of the church, previously to starting for the interment at Norwood Cemetery. The Bishop of Rochester was present at the interment, having written a most sympathetic letter to express his regret for the loss of "so stalwart a champion of Christianity" and his sense of "the substantial unity in Christ which underlies all our differences."

BRAZILIAN STREET POLITICIANS.

One or two sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist in Brazil, who was at Rio de Janeiro from Dec. 8 to Dec. 21, have already been published. He found the population of that city eagerly discussing the political crisis since the overthrow of Marshal Deodoro da Fonseca's Government and the election of a new President of the Republic. "The inhabitants of the Brazilian capital," he says, "are noted for their bragging as well as their love of revolution. Every day lately the Rua do Ouvidor has been crowded, and almost impassable for the ordinary individual, with old as well as young men talking over the situation and hatching revolt. The Chief of the Police therefore gave notice that he would clear the street at seven o'clock. Nevertheless, the crowd was there, boasting how they would treat the police if they came,

and each man tried to outdo his friend in telling what he would do; but when the police did come, and charged down the street, it was quite another tale. Away went the crowd, bolting into the side streets and into the open spaces. It was pitiable to see the fear written on their faces and the cowardice they displayed."

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

The famine which prevails in many parts of Russia continues to engender crime and epidemic disease. The terror inspired by the bands of peasant robbers who scour the country is such that landowners are abandoning their property and taking refuge in the towns. The Russian newspaper *Nedelya* gives a heartrending account of the state of affairs. It says: "Many peasants are forsaking their farms so as not to see their families die of hunger. At the farm gates groups of squallid children hang about to beg alms of the passers-by. In one village many of the houses are nailed up. Their occupants are dispersed in all directions. Those who have remained have neither bread nor money. Many of them eat clay mixed with grass, but some have died of this food. In one cottage, where there is no fire, there is a woman who has just been confined. She is dying: her husband is dead already; the new-born child is nestling half frozen to its mother. Five older children are crying with hunger. In another family they have had nothing to eat for three days." It seems that matters are going from bad to worse. Our Artist's sketches represent a scene in one of the towns of the province of Kazan, where the peasants are begging alms of the richer townsfolk, and another scene, in which the owners of wretched horses, perishing for want of food, are bringing them to the slaughterers and offering them for sale at the price of a few shillings.

MOVERS AND SECONDERS OF THE ADDRESS IN THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

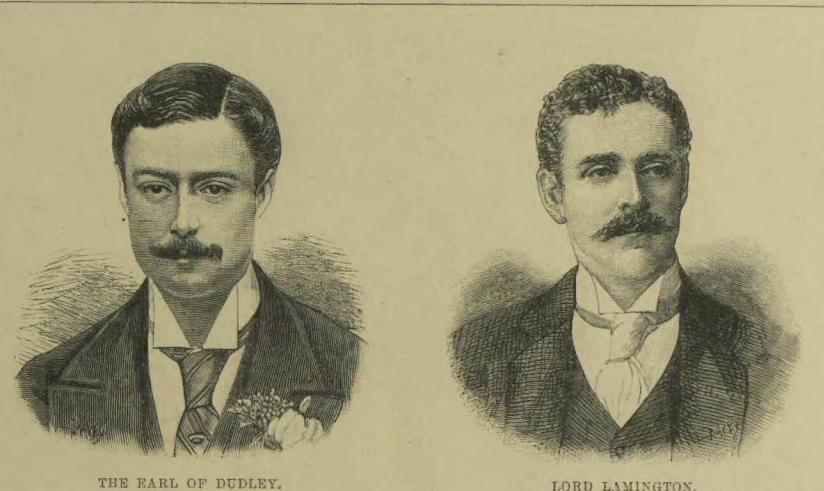
proceedings in the House are dull, he is in the habit of leaving his astral body in his chair, and betaking his real self to some more agreeable haunt.

MOVERS AND SECONDERS OF THE ADDRESS.

More interest has, perhaps, attached this year to the moving and seconding of the Address in answer to the Queen's Speech in the House of Lords than in the Lower House. The mover in the Lords was the young Earl of Dudley, who is now only twenty-five years of age. Before his marriage it seemed probable that Lord Dudley would be chiefly known as an owner of racehorses, and eighteen months ago he was a purchaser of yearlings to the extent of nearly £20,000. Since his marriage, however, with Miss Rachel Gurney, who has been practically the ward of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, he has developed some political and intellectual interests. He was lately presented with a marriage gift by the Town Council of Kidderminster. His large revenues are derived partly from land and partly from the coalfields of Staffordshire.

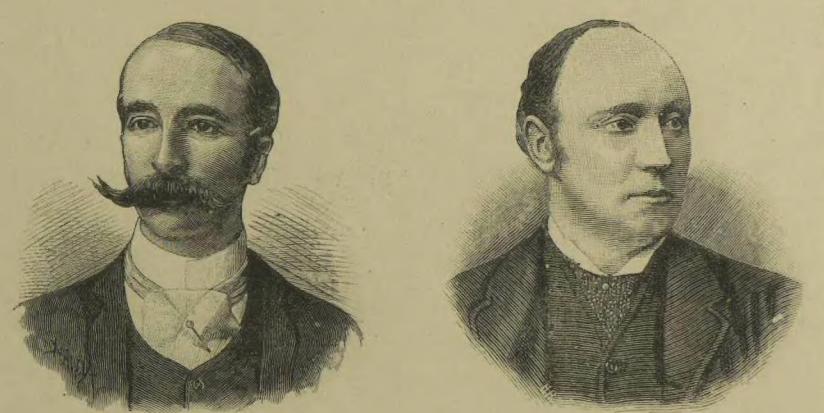
Lord Lamington, the seconder of the Address, has had a wider political experience than Lord Dudley. He has already served in the House of Commons, while his father was well known as Mr. Cochrane Baillie. He was Conservative member for North St. Pancras from 1886, when he defeated Mr. Bolton after a stiff contest, till his father's death, when he became Lord Lamington. He has also done duty as one of Lord Salisbury's secretaries, and has qualified for departmental work by a tour in the East. He is an Oxford man, and is thirty-two years old.

In the House of Commons the Address was moved by Mr. R. T. Hermon-Hodge, who has been member for the Accrington Division of Lancashire since 1886. He stood for the same



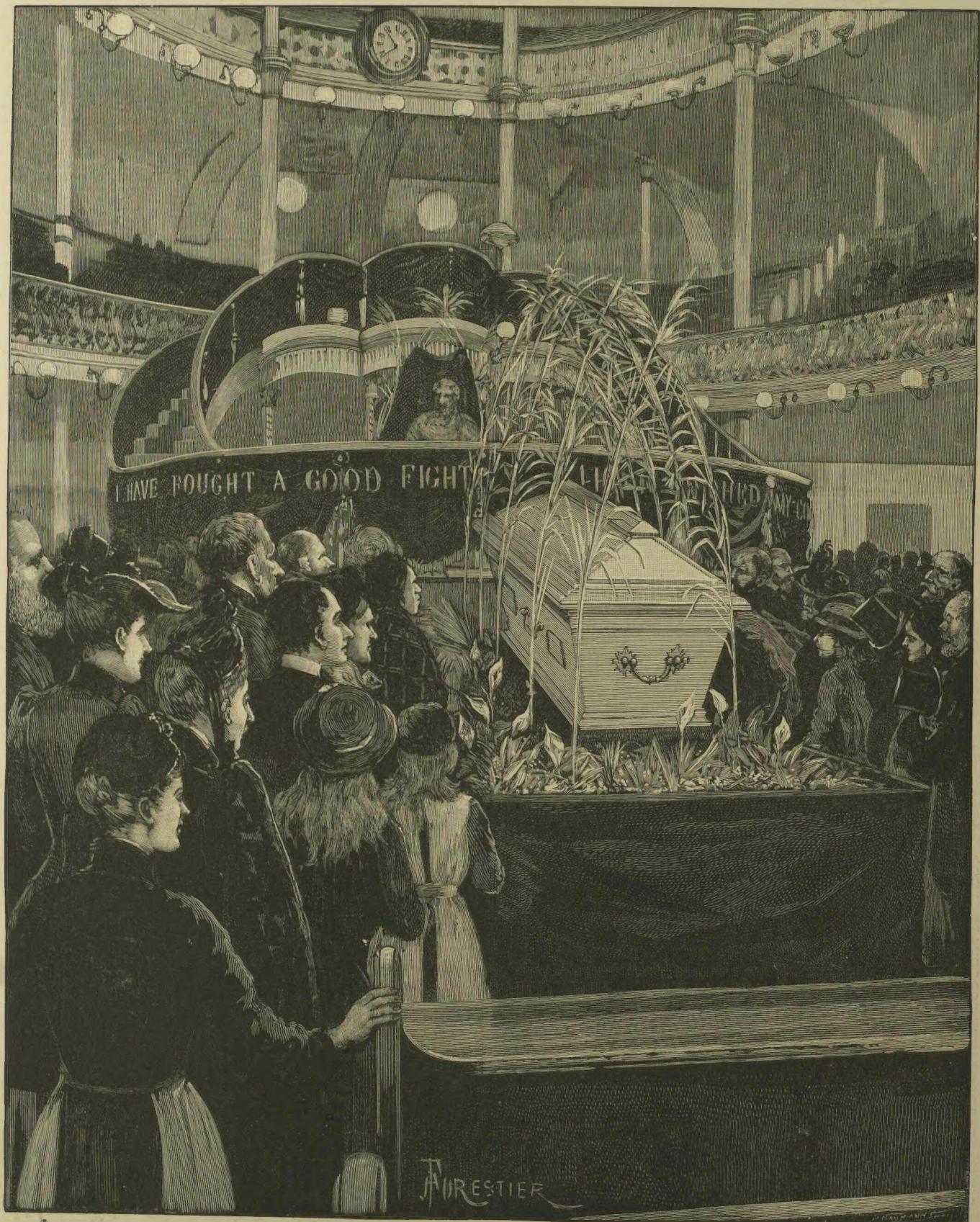
THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

LORD LAMINGTON.



MR. R. T. HERMON-HODGE, M.P.

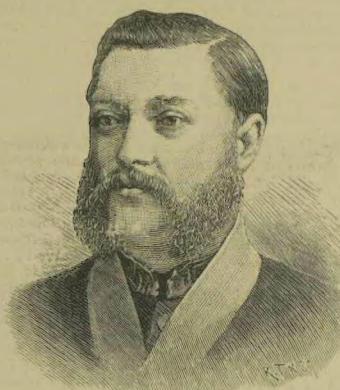
MR. T. MILVAIN, M.P.



THE LATE MR. C. H. SPURGEON: VIEWING THE COFFIN IN THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, FEB. 9, 1892.



THE LATE SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.



THE LATE SIR R. G. SANDEMAN, K.C.S.I.



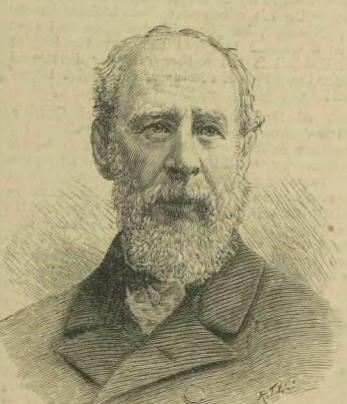
THE LATE MR. JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN.



THE LATE REV. G. PHILLIPS, D.D.



THE LATE REV. HUGH HANNA, D.D., LL.D.



THE LATE SIR H. B. SANDFORD, K.C.M.G.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA: PEASANTS SELLING THEIR HORSES TO THE SLAUGHTERER AT KALUGA.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÜNBERG.

PERSONAL.

The new Dean of Chichester is, despite the death of Archdeacon Norris, to be a member of the Bristol Chapter. The post in which Dr. Pigot succeeded Burgon is now to be filled by Canon Randall, the well-known Vicar of All Saints', Clifton. The Dean-designate took his degree at Christ Church, Oxford, as long ago as 1846, and was ordained in the following year. His first and only living before the Clifton incumbency was that of Lavington, to which he was appointed when Archdeacon Manning went over to Rome. Mr. Randall removed to All Saints', Clifton, in 1868, and for many years has exerted a wide influence in the neighbourhood.

THE REV. RICHARD W. RANDALL.

The New Dean of Chichester.

By reason, however, of his attachment to ritual higher than his diocesan cared for, Mr. Randall long lived in the cold shade of episcopal disapprobation. From this, however, he emerged last year, when a stall in Bristol Cathedral conveyed to him the assurance that the Bishop no longer wished to lay disabilities upon so popular an incumbent. The new Dean is, of course, a much higher Churchman than his predecessor, but he will doubtless find that Dr. Pigot has in a manner prepared the way for him at Chichester. Mr. Randall is the author of some devotional works, but is better known as a conductor of "Quiet Days" and similar functions.

By the death of Dr. Phillips, President of Queen's, Cambridge has lost one of its oldest resident members; for the president was born as long ago as 1804, although he did not go up to the University until 1825. He came out as eighth Wrangler in the Tripos which was headed by the names of Philpot and Cavendish, and settled down to a Don's life in his own college. From 1846 to 1857 he dwelt in comparative retirement at a college living in Essex, but in the latter year returned to Cambridge as President of Queen's. While retaining his love of mathematics, Dr. Phillips devoted himself with marked success to the study of Hebrew and Syriac, which he also did his best to promote in the University. Of late, increasing years had, of course, kept him from playing an active part in Cambridge affairs.

The death of Sir Morell Mackenzie, from the results of influenza complicated by bronchitis and an old asthma trouble, took place at his house in Harley Street on Feb. 3. Sir Morell was not a strong man, and the fatigues of attending to his great and lucrative practice wore out a slender physique before its time, for he was only in his fifty-fifth year. For years he has been one of the leading throat specialists in this country, and, indeed, in Europe—a position which earned for him the notice of the Emperor Frederick during the early stages of the latter's throat ailment. The controversy which arose as to his treatment of the patient, and his manner of vindicating himself, led to a disagreement with the College of Physicians, which ended in his disassociating himself from that body. He retained, however, the complete confidence of his patient and the Empress Frederick, and his rewards were a knighthood from the Queen, and from the Emperor the cross and star of the Hohenzollern Order. He was undoubtedly a very skilled operator on the throat, and excelled in the delicate manipulation of the instruments which he perfected and used. He was a great lover of the stage, and it may be said that he enjoyed the friendship, and often the intimacy, of the leading dramatic artists of the day. The talent shown in his dark, thin, keen face, his social gifts and his great powers of work, gave him a certain distinction, apart from his celebrity as a specialist and a voluminous contributor to medical literature.

The Earl of Limerick, on whom the Queen has bestowed the collar of the Order of St. Patrick, in the room of the Earl of Charlemont, recently deceased, is the head of an ancient Irish family, the Perys of county Clare, whose ancestors have held high offices in the Church of Ireland. The first Baron Glentworth (now the second title of the Earls of Limerick) is, perhaps, a unique instance of a bishop being created a temporal peer. His lordship was Bishop of Kilaloe in 1781, and Bishop of Limerick three years later. He was raised to the Peerage in 1790, and his son and successor was created Earl of Limerick in 1803. The present Earl is fifty-one years of age, has served in the Rifle Brigade, and is a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. His eldest son, Lord Glentworth, is now an officer in the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own), and was born in 1863.

Dr. F. S. Leighton, who died on Jan. 23, though himself a man of distinction, will possibly be remembered chiefly from the fact that he was the father of Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, and of Mrs. Sutherland Orr, the biographer and friend of Browning. He was spoilt for the medical profession by deafness, but he was a scholar of wide and ripe culture, and an acute and even profound metaphysician. He had travelled much, and the results of his study and experience were displayed in a character and demeanour of the greatest social charm.

The Court of Aldermen of the City of London, on Monday, Feb. 8, elected Sir Charles Hall, Q.C., M.P., to the high judicial office of Recorder, in the place of the late Sir Thomas Chambers. A son of the late Vice-Chancellor, Sir Charles Hall, he was born in 1843, was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a pupil of Mr. Justice A. L. Smith as Counsel to the Treasury; he practised on the Home Circuit, in the City Courts, and at local Sessions in Sussex, became in 1877 Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, and was "Tubman" in the Court of Exchequer. Since 1881 he has been one of the Queen's Counsel, holding important Crown prosecu-

Bench. He was legal delegate for the British Government at the Washington Maritime Conference in 1889, for which service he was rewarded with a K.C.M.G. knighthood. He represents West Cambridge in the House of Commons. The appointment of Sir Charles Hall as Recorder is generally approved.

The death of Mr. J. K. Stephen, known to literature and his friends as "Jim Stephen" and "J. K. S.", deprives the world of a singularly brilliant and picturesque figure. Mr. Stephen was very much more than the son of Sir James Stephen, the famous judge and writer. He was a personality of wide culture and remarkable interest. His power of writing scholarly, humorous, and altogether delightfully touched verse was illustrated in the charming volumes entitled "Lapsus Calami" and "Quo, Musa, Tendis?" A Fellow of King's, and for some time a tutor at Cambridge, he was a genuine scholar, and his genius often took the same quaint turn as that of his literary hero, C. S. Calverley. In London journalism he has made many brilliant, if fitful, appearances, one of the brightest of them being his editorship of the "Reflector," an eccentric but very clever and wilful expression of his many moods. He excelled in debate, usually taking a vein of ingenious paradox peculiar to him; and he once proposed standing for Parliament as Unionist candidate for Kilkenny, but he never carried out his notion. His personality was a many-sided one, and had he aimed at success either at the Bar or in literature he might have risen to real eminence. He contributed an extremely able and well-reasoned pamphlet to the discussion on the retention of compulsory Greek at Cambridge, and he never lost his affection for his old school, Eton. His early death will be regretted by many who admired his genius and loved him for his many amiable qualities.

Mr. Alderman Cotton, who has just been elected to fill the important office of City Chamberlain, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Benjamin Scott, who had held the post for three-and-thirty years, is admirably fitted to perform his new duties, having been senior member for the City of London in Parliament, Sheriff for London and for Middlesex, and having held the highest office that the City can bestow—that of Lord Mayor—in which latter capacity his fine presence, considerate courtesy, and conspicuous tact made his tenure of the Mayoralty particularly acceptable to all parties. Though a staunch Conservative, Alderman Cotton has, during his

long and distinguished municipal career, always secured the friendship of political opponents.

Colonel Sir Herbert Bruce Sandford, R.A., who has just died at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was a son of Sir Daniel Sandford. His early military career was pursued in India, where he held several appointments under Sir Bartle Frere. He is best known, however, in connection with his services as an expert and successful organiser of many of the great International Exhibitions of the century. Thus he was assistant manager of the great show of 1862, and was British Commissioner at the Exhibition of Paris (1878), Philadelphia (1875), Melbourne (1881), and Adelaide (1887). He was chairman of the well-known publishing company of Chapman and Hall.

The Rev. E. Herber Evans, D.D., who has just entered on the duties of chairman of the Congregational Union, is, as his name implies, a native of the Principality. He was born in 1836, at Panty-ronen, Carmarthenshire, and in 1858 he entered the Memorial College at Brecon. On the completion of his course he was ordained as pastor of the Tabernacle at Morriston, where he succeeded the Rev. Thomas Jones—"the poet preacher"—who had removed to London, and to whose ministry Robert Browning became greatly attached. After three years' successful work at Morriston, Dr. Evans removed to Carnarvon, where for twenty-six

years he has occupied a foremost position, being regarded, without distinction of sect, as one of the most eloquent preachers that Wales has produced. He is an active member of the Council of the North Wales University College, and for three years has been Homiletical Lecturer at the Independent College. For many years he has edited *Y Dwygydys*, a popular Welsh monthly.

The death is announced of Professor Alfred Goodwin, who held the chair of Greek and Latin at University College, London. He was a scholar of Balliol, and first-class man in Moderations and in the Final Classical Schools. Of a retiring disposition he was little known outside a limited circle, but his sound scholarship and devotion to his work make his death, at the early age of forty-two, a loss to be deeply mourned.

A familiar figure has disappeared from the West-End in the person of Mr. Samson Wertheimer, the well-known Bond Street dealer in bric-à-brac, who at the age of eighty-one, has fallen a victim to the modern scourge of influenza. Mr. Wertheimer, who was a Polish Jew, began his career in London some sixty years ago in the humblest way imaginable, and had raised himself from the position of a struggling and almost penniless dealer in curios in Soho to that of a millionaire, who during the last quarter of a century must have spent millions in works of art, and whose business connection was with the wealthiest families in Europe. Up to within a few days of his death the Bond Street dealer's somewhat quaint figure and peculiar physiognomy were to be seen in the fashionable streets of the West-End, almost unaltered in appearance during the last twenty years.

Of Sir Robert Grove Sandeman, whose portrait appears on the preceding page, something was said in our last issue. He was Chief Commissioner for Beloochistan, and went bravely

through the Indian Mutiny, being present at the siege and capture of Lucknow. He also served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and took part in the march to Candahar.

The death of Dr. George Kingsley, brother of the more famous Charles and Henry Kingsley, breaks an interesting link with the not remote past. George Kingsley entered the medical profession, but he had a genuine literary gift, which came out in the charming sketches of the wanderings which he and Lord Pembroke enjoyed together, called "The Earl and the Doctor." He was a great traveller, and like Charles, an accomplished naturalist. He had seen life in nearly every quarter of the globe, though of late years he led a quiet domestic life at Cambridge. He did excellent work in fighting the cholera epidemic in 1848.

Mr. T. E. Wenman, the well-known and respected Lyceum actor, who has recently died of pleurisy and pneumonia, had acquired a thorough knowledge of his art during his career of over thirty years, in the earlier portion of which he had the advantage of playing with such artists as Helen Faust (Lady Martin) and Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal). His real name was Newman, and he was born in Manchester in 1844. He will be well remembered by London theatre-goers in his excellent impersonations of Sir John Ingram, in "A Scrap of Paper," and Mr. Sullivan, in "A Quite Rubber," during his engagement at the Court Theatre under the management of Mr. Hare. For the last five years he has been engaged at the Lyceum, and has appeared in most of Mr. Irving's important productions: "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "Olivia," and "Charles I." may be particularly mentioned; while his last assumption, only given up a few nights ago, was the Duke of Norfolk in the successful production of "Henry VIII."

Francis Laur, the Boulangist Deputy, and part hero of the free fight which took place recently in the French Chamber, was a protégé of Georges Sand, and an habitué in his early youth of the literary society she gathered round her at Nohant. Laur was anxious when a boy to become a writer, or, at least, a journalist, but he finally followed the advice of his patroness and that of Dumas fils, and became a mining engineer at St. Etienne. Although performing his work conscientiously, and in a manner that merited the special approbation of his chiefs, Francis Laur was still haunted by literary ambition. Again he sought out Alexandre Dumas fils, and received from him a letter in which the following passages occurred: "It is by no means easy to create a work of genius. I ought to know, for I have been seeking to do so all my life. If you feel you can achieve anything it is worth making an effort. Tenpence judiciously invested in paper and pens is all the material required to produce 'Paul and Virginie,' 'The Sorrows of Werther,' 'Manon Lescaut,' and 'Le Misérable.' Choose the form in which you will cast your thought, write with brain and heart. Do not let a word pass that you have not felt." But, apparently, M. Laur never wrote the *chef-d'œuvre* counselled him by the author of "La Dame aux Camélias." Instead, he threw himself into the political arena, little thinking that his name would be associated with one of the most turbulent and absurd scenes that has ever occurred in the French Chamber.

Grindelwald is this summer to be the scene of a unique conference, which has been projected in connection with the *Review of the Churches*. The Bishop of Ripon, Canon Body, Canon Wilberforce, Canon Fremantle, Mr. Aitken (the missionary), Mr. Percy Bunting (of the *Contemporary*), Dr. Parker, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Mackenall, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, and Mr. R. F. Horton represent a delightful variety of ecclesiastical interests and ideas. These will, it is expected, foreground with many others, and, in the intervals of more deliberate recreation, discuss a variety of subjects bearing more or less directly on reunion.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Russell and Son, 17, Baker Street, W., for our portraits of Lord Dudley, Lord Lamington, Mr. Hermon-Hodge, and the new Dean of Chichester (Canon Randall); to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W., for the late Sir Morell Mackenzie and the Rev. Dr. Phillips; to Messrs. Manli and Fox, 187, Piccadilly, for the late Sir R. G. Sandeman; to Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W., for Sir Charles Hall and Mr. Milvain; to Mr. Duryea, of Adelaide, for the late Sir H. B. Sandford; to Mr. Kilpatrick, of Belfast, for the late Rev. Dr. Hanna; and to Mr. F. T. Palmer, of Croydon, for Mr. Alderman Cotton. The portrait of Jean Gérard, in our last issue, was from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street.

GOOD NIGHT!

Destroyer! what do you here—here by my poor little nest? What have I done that your shadow lies on my brightest and best? If 'twas my sin that smirched the cross on the door, O Death, Blood of mine should efface it, and not this Innocent's passing breath.

O cruel to drench the fleece of my one little lamb with thy dew! O sightless to quench the light in eyes so guileless and true! O heartless and brainless to still the life in this hand that glows.

And the love and the thought that breed in these wide, grey-fading brows!

The sweet, unfaltering voice!—"Papa, do you think I shall die?"

"Die, my dear? All's in God's hands, but I think—so think not I."

You will live to be a big man; and when I am old and grey, You shall take me by the arm and guide me along the way.

"But if it should be death, do you know what it is, little one?"

It is only a falling asleep, and you wake and the darkness is gone.

And mamma and papa will sleep too; and when that the day is come, We shall meet all together in heaven—in heaven instead of at home.

"Don't you know that, asleep in your bed, an hour like a moment seems?"

Be not afraid of that!—it is past in a night without dreams, We are only apart, dear child, 'twixt the evening and morning light!"

"Good night, then, papa, and God bless you!" "My darling, my darling, good night!"

FREDERICK GREENWOOD

(in an early Number of the *Cornhill Magazine*).



SIR CHARLES HALL, Q.C., M.P.
The New Recorder of London.



THE REV. E. HERBER EVANS.



MR. ALDERMAN COTTON.
The New City Chamberlain.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen, according to *Truth*, will probably pay a visit to Lord and Lady Salisbury at Beauvais, near Nice, during her stay at Hyères, as they are to spend the Easter recess at their new villa.

Her Majesty is still at Osborne, where she has been joined for a week by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud. The Prince and Princess are going to Compton Place, the Duke of Devonshire's house near Eastbourne, until the Queen returns to Windsor, when they are to pay a brief visit to her Majesty at the castle before going abroad.

That weary Titan, the House of Commons, has braced himself again to the business of the nation, and what is expected to be tempestuous Session has begun with the mildest accents of spring. The Queen's Speech recites the proposals of the Government with its customary air of diffident benevolence. It must be allowed that Ministers do not entertain extravagant hopes as to the volume of the work which will be accomplished before they go to the country, for it is taken for granted on both sides that the dissolution will come this year. Irish Local Government and Education, and English Small Holdings are the most momentous themes of legislation; and, if any time can be spared from these and the Estimates, the private Bill procedure of England and Scotland, district councils for England, the discipline of the clergy, the liability of employers, the relief of elementary schools from local rates, and one or two other subjects will be taken in hand for the behoof of a grateful country.

The hopes of the Opposition run high, and Sir William Harcourt is their boisterous minstrel. At Southampton he exalted over Rosedale, and scolded Lord Salisbury for his denunciation of Irish Catholics. It has been rudely suggested that the dinner which the Southampton Liberals gave Sir William was so cold that he had to dine again at his hotel; but the frigidity of the fare did not impair the characteristic richness of his invective.

At a conclave of Liberal Unionists at Devonshire House the day before the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain was formally elected leader of the party in the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain explained his position in regard to certain questions which lie outside the scope of Liberal Unionist activity. He said that he retained his opinion about Disestablishment, but subordinated it to the interests of the Union. The difficulty of this attitude is that it does not satisfy a section of the Conservatives, who complain that Mr. Chamberlain is constantly giving vent to the Radicalism which he holds in suspense till the Irish problem is disposed of.

Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of old-age pensions seems to obtain very little favour. It was criticised by Mr. John Morley at Newcastle chiefly on the ground that it offered a very shadowy inducement to thrift. To offer a man five shillings a week when he reaches the age of sixty-five, after having paid the State forty-five pounds, is not exactly intoxicating. Mr. Morley suggests that the real remedy for deserving poverty may be found in some relaxation of the Poor Law, and that an inquiry into the whole question should be instituted by the Local Government Board. Some people have remarkable ideas as to the capacity of the poor for providence. A correspondent of the *Times*, who signs himself "Arithmeticus," has discovered that if a young, sober, and unmarried man earns ten shillings a week he can easily save thirteen pence out of that sum.

London is in the throes of preparation for the County Council elections, which will be held on March 6. Among the most notable candidates is Lord Carrington, late Governor of New South Wales, who, if the Progressive party should find themselves in a majority, will be elected Chairman of the Council. The issue before the electors turns chiefly on the Progressive programme, which demands the enlargement of the powers of the Council, the acquisition of the tramways and other public conveniences, the absorption of the City Corporation, so as to unify the administration of London, and the levy of a "betterment" tax on the owners of property who benefit by public improvements. The elections will be fought on strictly party lines, and the result will be regarded as an index to the relative strength of parties in London, in view of the impending Parliamentary struggle.

A serious outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease has forced Mr. Chaplin to close all the cattle markets within the metropolitan police area. The disease is supposed to have come from Denmark, though a manifestation among some Norfolk cattle is scarcely traceable to that source. The closing of the markets means a very serious loss, and may recall to cattle-breeders the evil time from 1880 to 1886, during which period importers were said to have lost two and a half millions sterling, while the enhanced cost of milk and meat to the community amounted to six millions.

The interest in the great Pearl Case has been revived by the arrest of Mrs. Osborne, who surrendered herself to the police seem to have had not the smallest inkling of Mrs. Osborne's movements, and but for her voluntary return they might have remained in the dark for an indefinite period. The warrant under which Mrs. Osborne was arrested charged her with obtaining money under false pretences; yet, when she was brought before the Lord Mayor, the Treasury allowed the charge to be dismissed, and then instituted a fresh prosecution on the charge of perjury. The whole of this procedure savours of sharp practice, and, whatever may be the guilt of this woman, the Treasury has no reason to plume itself either on its sagacity or its delicacy.

Mr. Plimsoll's evidence before the Labour Commission continues to provoke remonstrances from the representatives of the shipping interest. Mr. W. H. Cooke, secretary of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, denies that the abatement of the loss of life at sea is due to the legislation associated with Mr. Plimsoll's name. Mr. Cooke says it is all due to the improvement in the quality of the mercantile marine, and especially the substitution of steel for wooden vessels. Yet the average loss of life in British ships even now does not compare very favourably with the average of some foreign maritime countries.

The Oxford Town Council has decided to grant a site in that city for the statue of Cardinal Newman, while rejecting the proposal to erect the memorial in Broad Street. A committee has been appointed to choose some spot which may excite less irritation than the place originally suggested. It is hinted that a statue of the Cardinal anywhere in Oxford will be exposed to outrage at the hands of the populace, though why this particularly offensive form of protest should result from the opposition of a number of ecclesiastical dignitaries I do not know. It would have been better, on the whole, to erect the memorial in London, but, if it must stand in Oxford, it will certainly be protected by the general good sense and good feeling of the citizens.

Mr. Robert Bayly, who has played so prominent a part in the agitation for the extension of telegraphic and telephonic

communication along our coasts, writes to me: "What better illustration could we have of the necessity for coast communication than in the loss of the *Eider*? Had the sea been heavier than it was, the loss of life before any life-boats could have reached her, summoned as they were by the coastguard patrol, would have been awful." I commend this to the attention of the House of Commons, which will be asked to consider the whole question.

Mr. Hakes, who for seven years carried on a suit against the Rev. J. Bell-Cox for ritualistic practices, is not satisfied with Lord Penzance's judgment, and announces that he will seek a mandate from a bishop to start fresh litigation. The prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln was scarcely a monument of wisdom, and another campaign against Mr. Bell-Cox does not seem a very profitable enterprise. If Mr. Hakes would devote his energies to some social work amongst the poor, he might achieve much more substantial good than by pursuing, even with the best possible intentions, a clerical offender against some ceremonial article of the Reformation.

Sir Charles Hall, Q.C., M.P., has been elected Recorder of London in the room of Sir Thomas Chambers. The salary of this lucrative office has been raised to £4000 a year, and at one time appeared to be several candidates; but when the day of nomination came Sir Charles Hall had no competitor.

Very conflicting rumours have been afloat as to the ultimate destination of the remains of the late Duke of Clarence, the *World* stating definitely that, after the Queen has visited the Memorial Chapel, the body will be removed to Sandringham, but this statement is now officially contradicted, and it seems

armies. Besides, three non-commissioned officers in the Bavarian Guards have just been degraded to the ranks for ill-treating soldiers.

A notable reform is about to be introduced in the German army. Hitherto the German soldiers in time of war used to bivouac in the open field or were billeted in towns and villages. In future they will sleep under canvas. A new tent has been devised which only weighs 1600 grammes (about 3 lb.), and is divisible into two portions, each of which can be used as an overcoat in case of rain. It is said that this innovation has been brought about by the necessity of providing shelter for the German soldiers in case Germany should at any time be involved in a war with its northern neighbour. No doubt this motive will be duly appreciated and noted by the aforesaid northern neighbour.

Count Limburg-Stirum, who recently criticised the new Commercial Treaties in an article in the *Kreuz Zeitung*, was sentenced on Feb. 6 to be dismissed the public service and to the loss of his pension and of the title of Minister. This is the highest penalty that could be inflicted upon him, and his condemnation has made a sensation in Berlin political and diplomatic circles, where it is thought the punishment is excessive. An opinion also prevails that, had the Government more confidence in the wisdom of its new commercial policy, there would have been no necessity for such high-handed action. Count Limburg-Stirum, it is said, intends to appeal.

The first result of the new commercial policy of France is that mutton in Paris now costs 5d. per kilo, or 2½d. per pound more than it did on Jan. 31, the last day of the old régime. Parisian butchers are never slow in taking advantage of any increase in the duties to raise the price of meat; but they have never been known to reduce the prices, however low the duties might fall.

About twelve months ago, when M. Sardou's (then) new piece, "Thermidor," was produced at the Théâtre Français, disturbances were feared on account of the political allusions it contained, a split in the Cabinet was imminent, and finally the play was prohibited in the French capital. Well, "Thermidor" was recently played in Brussels and in Nice, and was found so dull and uninteresting that it fell flat. Are the people of Brussels and Nice lacking in historical knowledge, or the Parisians in coolness? Londoners will soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves, and, being at all events, perfectly impartial spectators, their verdict may possibly be final.

In West Africa the French are pushing forward with great activity. In the Soudan, Colonel Humbert has captured two of chief Samory's strongholds, while M. de Brazza is establishing military posts and factories on the Upper Songha. These posts will ultimately form a basis of operations for future expeditions to Lake Tchad.

M. Alexieff, the mayor of Moscow, who was entrusted by the Czar with a special mission to visit the famine-stricken districts of Russia, has returned to St. Petersburg to report upon the situation. M. Alexieff is of opinion that the accounts which have been published of the famine have been much exaggerated, and that, although the distress is great in many districts, there are large quantities of cereals in the hands of speculators, and he states that business is still fairly good and money plentiful in the banks. It should be added that M. Alexieff has only visited a few of the famine-stricken districts, such as Saratov, Orenburg, and Samara, and that his report does not apply to the whole of Russia. On the other hand, the improvement in the dispatch of food by railway, thanks to the exertions of Colonel Wendrich, have caused the speculators to be less exacting, and prices have slightly fallen. No doubt the Czar must be pleased at the results achieved by the gallant Colonel; but it turns out that General Vanofski, the Minister of War, is very angry. He complains that the measures taken by Colonel Wendrich for accelerating the transport of wheat have interfered with the plans of the mobilisation of the army in case of war and injured the railway rolling-stock. And so Colonel Wendrich will probably be made to feel how difficult it is to please everybody. A noteworthy fact in connection with the Russian famine is that the Ameer of Bokhara, to prove his loyalty to the Czar, has subscribed 100,000 roubles to the funds of the Central Relief Committee, presided over by the Czarewitch.

The Belgian House of Representatives has for some days been engaged in discussing the Government proposals for the revision of the Constitution of 1831. These include household suffrage, a redistribution of seats, the payment of members of Parliament, and certain provisions enabling the King to adopt an heir in case of his own decease without male children. They have authorised the annexation of colonies by Belgium, and substituted for the King's veto on Parliamentary Bills the referendum system as in Switzerland. The Radical, Socialist, and Labour Parties are strongly opposed to the referendum, and the last-mentioned party is daily agitating in favour of universal suffrage.

The new Portuguese Government are striving to clear the Augean stable left them to deal with by their predecessors, with the help and concurrence of the Cortes. Senhor Peito Carvalho, the Director of Customs, has been dismissed, and the Cortes have unanimously approved Senhor de Arringa's proposals for the impeachment of the late Finance Minister and for the appointment of a committee of investigation into the conduct of other persons whom it might become necessary to indict in the same manner.

The great financial problem just now is to find the means of giving to the foreign bondholders adequate guarantees for the proper administration of the reorganised debt. Probably it will be solved by the appointment of a commission on which the foreign creditors of Portugal would be represented. Committees for the protection of the holders of Portuguese stock have been formed in Berlin and Amsterdam, so that the interests of foreign creditors will be well looked after.

The Porte has not yet sent to the new Khedive the firman of investiture which is to make Abbas Pasha definitively ruler of Egypt. It is said that the Sultan would like Abbas Pasha to come to Constantinople to receive his investiture and pay homage to him; but in some quarters it is not thought advisable that the Khedive should leave Cairo at present, as his absence from Egypt might give rise to complications.

On Feb. 7 the Hôtel Royal in New York was destroyed by fire, and a large number of people were burned to death or injured. The fire originated in the elevator shaft, and spread with such rapidity that the building fell in before the inmates had been fully aroused.

Elevators, or lifts, are very convenient things, but nothing can be more dangerous in case of fire, as they act as a gigantic fine. I hope the day will come when no lift will be allowed to be constructed in the centre of any public building, but in a special shaft placed against the outer walls. It may not look pretty, but it will be safer than the present plan.



STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AS A CHILD.
SCULPTOR, MR. F. J. WILLIAMSON.

almost certain that the Prince's remains will rest either at the Memorial Chapel or in the crypt of the Prince Consort's mausoleum at Frogmore.

Dr. Parker has explained that when Mr. Ward Beecher occupied the pulpit of the City Temple, and denounced those who preach the doctrine of eternal punishment, he was not alluding to Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Beecher said that the "eternal torment" theory could proceed only from "a monster," and Dr. Parker does not think this was a term of abuse. Mr. Spurgeon and his friends thought otherwise, and so a somewhat unedifying controversy promises to rage over Mr. Spurgeon's grave.

On Feb. 2 the German Emperor called on Sir Edward Malet, at the British Embassy in Berlin, in order personally to express his condolence on the occasion of the death of his cousin, the late Duke of Clarence.

William II. has evidently made up his mind to combat Socialism in his Empire. The new educational law, which will certainly be passed in the Prussian Chamber, is one of the methods on which he relies most to effect his purpose. But in the meantime more immediate measures are being taken to put a stop to the Socialist movement, which, it is now acknowledged, is more dangerous than was believed when Prince Bismarck's Anti-Socialist law was allowed to expire without being renewed. The German authorities have come to the conclusion that the Socialists are a revolutionary and not a Constitutional party, and that it would be dangerous to allow them to advocate their theories, and, consequently, they have ordered a number of alleged Socialists to be arrested in Berlin and elsewhere.

That the circular of Prince George of Saxony with regard to the ill-treatment of soldiers by non-commissioned officers was far from being exaggerated or unnecessary is proved by the fact that since its publication similar orders have been issued to the commanding officers of the Prussian and Bavarian



AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.



I whispered her name, and she drew aside behind an aloe bush, and, making pretence that her foot was pierced with a thorn, she lingered till the other women were gone by.

NADA THE LILY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNSEL OF BALEKA.

I rose, I praised the king with a loud voice, and I went from the *Intunkulu*, the house of the king. I walked slowly through the gates, but when I was without the gates the anguish that came upon me because of my burnt hand was more than I could bear. I ran to and fro groaning till I came to the hut of one whom I knew. There I found fat, and having plunged my hand in the fat, I wrapped it round with a skin and passed out again, for I might not stay still. I went to and fro, till at length I came to the spot where my huts had been. The outer fence of the huts yet stood; the fire had not caught it. I passed through the fence; there within were the ashes of the burnt huts—they lay ankle-deep. I walked in among the ashes; my feet struck upon things that were sharp. The moon was bright, and I looked; they were the blackened bones of my wives and children. I flung myself down in the ashes in bitterness of heart; I covered myself over with the ashes of my kraal and with the bones of my wives and children. Yes, my father, there I lay, and on me were the ashes, and among the ashes were the bones. Thus, then, did I lie for the last time in my kraal, and was sheltered from the frost of the night by the ashes of those to whom I had given life. Such were the things that befell us in the days of Chaka, my father; yes, not to me alone, but to many another also.

I lay among the ashes and groaned with the pain of my burn, and groaned also from the desolation of my heart. Why had I not tasted of the poison, there in the hut of Chaka, and before the eyes of Chaka? Why did I not taste it now and make an end? Nay, I had endured the agony; I would not give him this last triumph over me. Now, having passed the fire, once more I should be great in the land, and I would become great. Yes, I would bear my sorrows, and become great, that in a day to be I might wreak vengeance on the king. Ah! my father, there, as I lay among the ashes, I prayed to the *Amatongo*, to the ghosts of my ancestors. I prayed to

my *Ehlose*, to the spirit that watches me—ay, and I even dared to pray to the *Umkulukulu*, the great soul of the world, who moves through the world unseen and unheard. And thus I prayed, that I might yet live to kill Chaka as he had killed those who were dear to me. And while I prayed I slept, or, if I did not sleep, the light of thought went out of me, and I became as one dead. And while I lay thus there came a vision to me, a vision that was sent in answer to my prayer, or, perchance, it was a madness born of my sorrows. For, my father, it seemed to me that I stood upon the bank of a river great and wide. It was gloomy there, the light lay low upon the face of the river, but far away on the farther side was a glow like the glow of a stormy dawn, and in the glow I saw a mighty bed of reeds that swayed about in the breath of the dawn, and out of the reeds came men and women and children, by hundreds and tens of hundreds, and plunged into the waters of the river and were buffeted about by the waters. Now, my father, all the people that I saw in the water were black people, and all those who were torn out of the reeds were black—there were none of them white like your people, my father, for this vision was a vision of the Zulu race, who alone are "torn out of the reeds."—Now, I saw that of those who swam in the river some passed over very quickly and some stood, as it were, in the water—as in life, my father, some die soon and some live for many years. And I saw the countless faces of those in the water, among them were many that I knew. There, my father, I saw the face of Chaka, and near him was my own face; there, too, I saw the face of Dingaan the prince, his brother, and the face of the boy *Umslopogaas* and the face of Nada, my daughter, and then it was for the first time that I knew that *Umslopogaas* was not dead, but only lost.

Now I turned in my vision, and looked at that bank of the river on which I stood. Then I saw that behind the bank was a cliff, mighty and black, and in the cliff were doors of ivory, and through the doors came light and the sound of laughter; other doors there were also, black as though fashioned of coal, and through them came darkness and the sounds of groans. I saw this also, that in front of the doors was set a seat, and on

the seat was the figure of a woman glorious to see. She was tall, and she alone was white, and clad in robes of white, and her hair was like gold which was molten in the fire, and her face shone like the midday sun. Then I saw that those who came up out of the river stood before the woman, the water yet running from them, and cried aloud to her.

"Hail, *Inkosazana-y-Zulu*! Hail, Queen of the Heavens!"

Now, the figure of the glorious woman held a rod in either hand, and the rod in her right hand was white and of ivory, and the rod in her left hand was black and of ebony. And as those who came up before her throne greeted her, so she pointed now with the wand of ivory in her right hand, and now with the wand of ebony in her left hand. And with the wand of ivory she pointed to the gates of ivory, through which came light and laughter, and with the wand of ebony she pointed to the gates of coal, through which came blackness and groans. And as she pointed, so those who greeted her turned, and went some through the gates of light and some through the gates of blackness.

Presently, as I stood, there came up a handful of people from the bank of the river. I looked on them and knew them. There was Unandi, the mother of Chaka, there was Anadi, my wife, and Moosa, my son, and all my other wives and children, and those who had perished with them.

"They stood before the figure of the woman, the Princess of the Heavens, to whom the *Umkulukulu* has given it to watch over the people of the Zulu, and cried aloud, "Hail, *Inkosazana-y-Zulu*! Hail!"

Then she, the *Inkosazana*, pointed with a rod of ivory to the gates of ivory; but still they stood before her, not moving. Now the woman spoke for the first time, in a low voice that was sad and awful to hear—

"Pass in, children of my people, pass in to the judgment. Why tarry ye? Pass in through the gates of light."

But still they tarried, and in my vision Unandi spoke: "We tarry, Queen of the Heavens—we tarry to pray for justice on him who murdered us. I, who on earth was named Mother of the Heavens, on behalf of all this company, pray

to thee, Queen of the Heavens, for justice on him who murdered us."

"How is he named?" asked the voice that was low and awful.

"Chaka, king of the Zulus," answered the voice of Unandi.

"Chaka, my son."

"Many have come to ask for vengeance on that head," said the voice of the Queen of the Heavens, "and many more shall come. Fear not, Unandi; it shall fall. Fear not, Anandi and ye wives and children of Mopo, it shall fall, I say. With the spear that pierced thy breast, Unandi, shall the breast of Chaka be also pierced, and ye wives and children of Mopo, the hand that pierces shall be the hand of Mopo. As I guide him so shall he go. Ay, I will teach him to wreak my vengeance on the earth! But say, ye slaughtered of Chaka, what shall that vengeance be to the vengeance that I shall work here in my own place? Pass in, children of my people—pass in to the judgment, for the doom of Chaka is written."

Thus I dreamed, my father. Ay, this was the vision that was sent me as I lay in pain and misery among the bones of my dead and in the ashes of my kraal. Thus it was given me to see the Inkosazana of the Heavens as she is in her own place. Twice more I saw her, as you shall hear, but that was on the earth and with my waking eyes. Yea, thrice has it been given to me in all to look upon that face that I shall now see no more till I am dead, for no man may look four times on the Inkosazana and live. Or am I mad, my father, and did I weave these visions from the wool of my madness? I do not know, but it is true that I seemed to see them. I woke when the sky was grey with the morning light; it was the pain of my burnt hand that woke me from my sleep or from my stupor. I rose shaking the ashes from me, and went without the kraal to wash myself from the defilement. Then I returned, and sat without the gates of the Empuseni, waiting till the king's women, whom he named his sisters, should come to draw water according to their custom. At last they came, and, sitting with my kaross thrown over my face to hide it, I looked for the passing of Baleka. Presently I saw her; she was sad-faced, and walked slowly, her pitcher on her head. I whispered her name, and she drew aside behind an aloe bush, and, making pretence that her foot was pierced with a thorn, she lingered till the other women were gone by. Then she

turn upon him who killed his own mother. Therefore, he will do this: he will give it out that he did not kill her, but that she perished in the fire which was called down upon your kraal by witchcraft; and, though all men know the lie, yet none shall dare to gainsay him. As he said to you, there will be a smelling out, but a smelling out of a new sort, for he and you shall be the witch-finders, and at that smelling out he will give to death all those whom he fears, all those whom he knows hate him for his wickedness and because with his own hand he slew his mother. For this cause, then, he will save you alive, Mopo—yes, and make you to be great in the land, for if, indeed, his mother Unandi died through witchcraft, he shall say, are you not also wronged with him, and did not your wives and children also perish by witchcraft? Therefore, do not fly; abide here and become great—become great to the great end of vengeance, Mopo, my brother. You have much wrong to wreak; soon you will have more, for I, too, shall be gone, and my blood also shall cry for vengeance to you. Hearken, Mopo. Are there not other princes in the land? What of Dingaan, what of Umhlangana, what of Umpanda, brothers to the king? Do not these also desire to be kings? Do they not day by day rise from sleep feeling their limbs to know if they yet live? Do they not night by night lie down to sleep not knowing if it shall be their wives that they shall kiss ere dawn or the red assegai of the king? Draw near to them, my brother; creep into their hearts and learn their counsel or teach them yours; so in the end shall Chaka be brought to that gate through which your wives have passed, and where I also am about to tread."

Thus Baleka spoke; and she was gone, leaving me pondering, for her words were heavy with wisdom. I knew well that the brothers of the king went heavily and in fear of death, for his shadow was ever on them. With Panda, indeed, little could be done, for he lived softly, speaking always as one whose wits are few. But Dingaan and Umhlangana were of another wood, and from them might well be fashioned a kerrie that should scatter the brains of Chaka to the birds. But the time to speak was not now; not yet was the cup of Chaka full.

Then, having finished my thought, I rose, and, going to the kraal of my friend, I doctored my burnt hand, that pained me, and as I was doctoring it there came a messenger to me summoning me before the king.

little more, for the world grew dark to him and he passed, as it were, into a deep sleep. Presently Umslopogaas awoke again, feeling pain in his thigh, where the lioness had bitten him, and heard a sound of shouting. He looked up; near to him stood the lioness, that had loosed him from her jaws. She was snorting with rage, and in front of her was a lad—a lad long and strong, with a grim face, and a wolf's hide, black and grey, bound about his shoulders in such fashion that the upper jaw and teeth of the wolf rested on his head. He stood before the lioness, shouting, and in one hand he held a large war-shield and in the other he grasped a heavy club shod with iron. Now, the lioness crouched herself to spring, growling terribly, but the lad with the club did not wait for the spring. He ran in upon her and smote her on the head with the club. He smote hard and well, yet this did not kill her, for she reared herself upon her hind legs and struck at him heavily. He caught the blow upon his shield, and the shield was driven against his breast so strongly that he fell backwards beneath the shield, and lay there howling like a wolf in pain. Then the lioness sprang upon him and worried at him. Still, because of the shield, as yet she could not come to him to slay him. But Umslopogaas saw that this might not endure, for presently the shield would be torn aside and the stranger must be killed. Now, in the breast of the lioness yet stood the half of Umslopogaas's broken spear, and the blade of it was a span deep in her breast. Then this thought came into the mind of Umslopogaas, that he would drive the spear home or die. So lie rose swiftly, for strength came back to him in his need, and ran to where the lioness worried at him who lay beneath the shield. She did not heed him, and he flung himself upon his knees before her, and, seizing the hilt of the broken spear, drove it deep into her and wrenched it round. Now she saw him and turned roaring, and clawed at him, tearing his breast and arms. Then, as he lay, he heard a mighty howling, and, behold! grey wolves and black leaped upon the lioness and rent and worried her till she fell, and was torn to pieces by them. After this the senses of Umslopogaas left him again, and the light went out of his eyes so that he was as one dead.

At length his mind came back to him, and with it his memory, and he remembered the lioness and looked up to find her. But he did not find her, and he saw that he lay



Then the lioness sprang upon him and worried at him. Still, because of the shield, as yet she could not come to him to slay him.

came up to me, and we greeted one another, gazing heavily into each other's eyes.

"In an ill day did I hearken to you, Baleka," I said, "to you and to the Mother of the Heavens, and save your child alive. See now what has sprung from this seed! Dead are all my house, dead is the Mother of the Heavens—all are dead—and I myself have been put to the torment by fire," and I held out my withered hand towards her.

"Ay, Mopo, my brother," she answered, "but flesh is nearest to flesh, and I should think little of it were not my son Umslopogaas also dead, as I have heard but now."

"You speak as a woman, Baleka. Is it, then, nothing to you that I, your brother, have lost all I love?"

"Fresh seed can yet be raised up to you, my brother; but for me there is no hope, for the king looks on me no more. I grieve for you, but I had this one alone, and flesh is nearest to flesh. Think you that I shall escape? I tell you, no. I am but spared for a little, then I go where the others have gone. Chaka has marked me for the grave; for a little while I may be left, then I go: he does but play with me as a leopard plays with a wounded buck. I care not, I am weary, but I grieve for the boy; there was no such boy in the land. Would that I might die swiftly and go to seek him."

"And if the boy is not dead, Baleka, what then?"

"What is that you said?" she answered, turning on me with wild eyes. "Oh, say it again—again, Mopo! I would gladly die a hundred deaths to know that Umslopogaas yet lives."

"Nay, Baleka, I know nothing. But last night I dreamed a dream, and I told her all my dream, and also of that which had gone before the dream.

She listened as one listens to the words of a king when he passes judgment for life or for death.

"I think that there is wisdom in your dreams, Mopo," she said at length. "You were ever a strange man, to whom the gates of distance are no bar. Now it is borne in upon my heart that Umslopogaas still lives, and now I shall die happy. Yes, gainsay me not; I shall die, I know it. I read it in the king's eyes. But what is it? It is nothing, if only the prince Umslopogaas yet lives."

"Your love is great, woman," I said; "and this love of yours has brought great woes upon us, and it may well happen that in the end it shall all be for nothing, for there is an evil fate upon us. Say now, what shall I do? Shall I fly, or shall I abide here, taking the chance of things?"

"You must abide here, Mopo. See, now! This is in the king's mind. He fears because of the death of his mother at his own hand—yes, even he; he fears lest the people should

I went in before the king, and prostrated myself, calling him by his royal names; but he took me by the hand and raised me up, speaking softly.

"Rise, Mopo, my servant!" he said. "Thou hast suffered much woe because of the witchcraft of thine enemies. I, I have lost my mother, and thou, thou hast lost thy wives and children. Weep, my counsellors, weep, because I have lost my mother, and Mopo, my servant, has lost his wives and children, by the witchcraft of our foes!"

Then all the counsellors wept aloud, while Chaka glared at them.

"Hearken, Mopo!" said the king, when the weeping was done. "None can give me back my mother; but I can give thee more wives, and thou shalt find children. Go in among the damsels who are reserved to the king, and choose thee six; go in among the cattle of the king, and choose thee ten times the best; call upon the servants of the king that they build up thy kraal greater and fairer than it was before! These things I give thee freely; but thou shalt have more, Mopo—yea! thou shalt have vengeance! On the first day of the new moon I summon a great meeting, a *bandila* of all the Zulu people; yes, thine own tribe, the Langeni, shall be there also. Then we will mourn together over our woes; then, too, will we learn who brought these woes upon us. Go now, Mopo, go! And go ye also, my counsellors, leaving me to weep alone because my mother is dead!"

Thus, then, my father, did the words of Baleka come true, and thus, because of the crafty policy of Chaka, I grew greater in the land than ever I had been before. I chose the cattle, they were fat; I chose the wives, they were fair; but I took no pleasure in them, nor were any more children born to me. For my heart was like a withered stick; the sap and strength had gone out of my heart—it was drawn out in the fire of Chaka's hut, and lost in my sorrow for those whom I had loved.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TALE OF GALAZI THE WOLF.

Now, my father, I will go back a little, for my tale is long and winds in and out like a river in a plain, and tell of the fate of Umslopogaas when the lion had taken him, as he told it to me in the after years.

The lioness bounded away, and in her mouth was Umslopogaas. Once he struggled, but she bit him hard, so he lay quiet in her mouth, and looked back and saw the face of Nada as she ran from the fence of thorns, crying "Save him!" He saw her face, he heard her words, then he saw and heard

in a cave upon a bed of grass, while all about him were the skins of beasts, and at his side was a pot filled with water. He put out his hand and, taking the pot, drank of the water, and then he saw that his arm was wasted as with sickness, and that his breast was thick with scars scarcely skinned over.

Now, while he lay and wondered, the mouth of the cave was darkened, and through it came that same lad who had done battle with the lioness and been overthrown by her, bearing a dead buck upon his shoulders. He put down the buck upon the ground, and, walking to where Umslopogaas lay, looked upon him.

"O!" he said, "your eyes are open—do you, then, live, stranger?"

"I live," answered Umslopogaas, "and I am hungry."

"It is time," said the other, "since with toil I bore you here through the forest, for twelve days you have lain without sense, drinking water only. So deeply had the lion clawed you that I thought of you as dead. Twice I was near to killing you, that you might cease to suffer and I to be troubled; but I held my hand, because of a word which came to me from one who is dead. Now eat, that your strength may return to you. Afterwards we will talk."

So Umslopogaas ate, and little by little his strength came back to him—every day a little. And afterwards, as they sat at night by the fire in the cave they spoke together.

"How are you named?" asked Umslopogaas of the other. "I am named Galazi the Wolf," he answered, "and I am of Zulu blood—ay, of the blood of Chaka the king; for the father of Senzangacoma, the father of Chaka, was my great-grandfather."

"Whence, then, came you, Galazi?"

"I came from Swaziland—from the tribe of the Halakazi, which I should rule. This is the story: Siguyana, my grandfather, was a younger brother of Senzangacoma, the father of Chaka. But he quarrelled with Senzangacoma, and became a wanderer. With certain of the people of the Umntweta he wandered in Swaziland, and sojourned with the Halakazi tribe in their great caves; and the end of it was that he slew the chief of the tribe and took his place. After he was dead, my father ruled in his place; but there was a great party in the tribe that hated his rule because he was of the Zulu race, and it would have set up a chief of the old Swazi blood in his place. Still, they could not do this, for my father's hand was heavy on the people. Now, I was the only son of my father by his head wife, and should be chief after him, and therefore those of the Swazi party, and they were many and great, hated me also. So matters stood till last year in the winter, and then my father set his heart upon killing twenty

of the headmen, with their wives and children, because he knew that they plotted against him. But the headmen learned what was to come, and they prevailed upon a wife of my father, a woman of their own blood, to poison him. So she poisoned him in the night, and in the morning it was told me that my father lay sick and summoned me, and I went to my father. In his hut I found him, and he was writhing with pain.

"What is it, my father?" I said. "Who has done this evil?"

"It is this, my son," he gasped, "that I am poisoned, and yonder she stands who has done the d—l," and he pointed to the woman, who stood at the side of the hut near the door, her chin upon her breast, trembling as she looked upon the fruit of her wickedness.

"Now, the girl was young and fair, and we had been friends, yet I say that I did not pause, for my heart was mad in me. I did not pause, but, seizing my spear, I ran at her, and, though she cried for mercy, I killed her with the spear.

"That was well done, Galazi!" said my father. "But when I am gone, look to yourself, my son, for these Swazi dogs will drive you out and rob you of your place! But if they drive you out and you yet live, swear this to me—that you will not rest till you avenge me!"

"I swear it, my father," I answered. "I swear that I will stamp the men of the tribe of Hulakazi flat, every one of them except those of my own blood, and bring their women to slavery and their children to bonds!"

"Big words for a young mouth," said my father. "Yet you shall live to bring these things about, Galazi. This I know of you now in my hour of death: you shall be a wanderer for the few years of your life, child of Siguyana, and wandering in another land you shall die a man's death, and not such a death as yonder witch has given to me." Then, having spoken thus, he lifted up his head, looked at me, and with a great groan he died.

"Now I passed out of the hut dragging the body of the dead girl after me. In front of the hut were gathered many headmen waiting for the end, and I saw that their looks were sullen.

"The chief, my father, is dead!" I cried in a loud voice, "and I, Galazi, who am the chief, have slain her who murdered him!" and I rolled the body of the girl over on her back so that they might look upon her face.

"Now, the father of the girl was among those who stood before me, he who had brought her to the dead, and his heart was maddened at the sight.

"What, my brothers?" he cried. "Shall we suffer that this young Zulu dog, this murderer of a girl, be chief over us? Never! The old lion is dead, now for the cub!" and he ran at me with spear aloft.

"Never!" shouted the others, and they, too, ran towards me, shaking their spears.

"I waited, I did not hasten, for I knew well that I should not die then, I knew it because of my father's words. I waited till the man was near me; he thrust, I sprang aside and drove my spear through him, and on the daughter's body the father fell dead. Then I shouted aloud, and rushed through them. None touched me; none could catch me; the man does not live who can catch me when my feet are on the ground and I am away."

"Yet I might try," said Umslopogaas, smiling, for of all lands among the Zulu he was the swiftest of foot.

"First walk again, then run," answered Galazi.

"Take up the tale," quoth Umslopogaas; "it is a merry one."

"Something is left to tell, stranger. I fled from the country of the Hulakazi, nor did I linger at all in the land of the Swazis, but came on swiftly into the Zulu. Now, this was in my mind, that I would go to Chaka and tell him of my wrongs, asking that he would send an impi to make an end of the Hulakazi. But while I journeyed, finding food and shelter as I might, I came one night to the kraal of an old man who knew Chaka, and had known Siguyana my grandfather, and to him, when I had tarried there two days, I told my tale. But the old man counselled me against it, saying that Chaka, the king, did not love to look on shoots sprung from the royal stock, and would kill me; moreover, the man offered me a place in his kraal. Now, I held that there was wisdom in his words, and thought no more of standing before the king to cry for justice, for he who cries to kings for justice sometimes finds death. Still, I would not stay in the kraal of the old man, for he had sons to come after him who looked on me with no liking; moreover, I would be a chief to myself, even if I lived alone. So I left the kraal by night and walked on, not knowing where I should go.

"Now, on the third night, I came to a little kraal that stands on the farther side of the river at the foot of the mountains. In front of the kraal sat an old, old woman basking in the rays of the setting sun. She saw me, and spoke to me saying, 'Young man, you are tall and strong and swift of foot. Would you earn a famous weapon, a club, that destroys all who look on it?'

"I said that I would have such a club, and asked what I should do to win it.

"You shall do this," said the old, old woman: "to-morrow morning, at the first light, you shall go up to yonder mountain, and she pointed to the mountain where you are now, stranger, where the stone Witch sits for ever waiting for the world to die. Two thirds of the way up the mountain you will come to a path that is difficult to climb. You shall climb the path and enter a gloomy forest. It is very dark in the forest, but you must push through it till you come to an open place with a wall of rock behind it. In the wall of rock is a cave, and in the cave you will find the bones of a man. Bring down the bones in a bag, and I will give you the club."

"Whil's she spoke thus people came out of the kraal and listened.

"Do not heed her, young man," they said, "unless you are weary of life. Do not heed her: she is crazy. The mountain is haunted; it is the place of ghosts. Look at the stone Witch who sits upon it! Evil spirits live in the forest, and no man has walked there for many years. Her son was foolish: he went to walk in the forest, saying that he cared nothing for ghosts, and the *Amatongo*, the ghost-folk, killed him. That was many years ago, and none have dared to seek his bones. Ever she sits here, and asks of the passers by that they should bring them, offering the great club for a reward; but they dare not!"

"They lie!" said the old woman. "There are no ghosts there. The ghosts live only in their cowardly hearts; there are but wolves. I know that the bones of my son lie in the cave, for I have seen them in a dream; but, alas! my old limbs are too weak to carry me up the mountain path, and all these are cowards; there is no man among them since the Zulus slew my husband, covering him with wounds!"

"Now, I listened, saying no word; but when all had done I asked to see the club which should be given to him who dared to face the *Amatongo*, the spirits who lived in the forest upon the Ghost Mountain." Then the old woman rose, and creeping on her hands went into the hut. Presently she returned again, dragging the great club after her.

"Look on it, stranger! look on it! Was there ever such

a club?" and Galazi held it up before the eyes of Umslopogaas.

In truth, my father, that was a club, for I, Mopo, saw in after days. It was great and knotty, black as iron that had been smoked in the fire, and shod with metal that was worn smooth with smiting.

"I looked at it," went on Galazi, "and I tell you, stranger, a great desire came into my heart to possess it.

"How is this club named?" I asked of the old woman.

"He is named Watcher of the Fords," she answered, "and he has not watched in vain. Five men have held that club in war and a hundred and seventy and three have given up their lives beneath its strokes. He who held it last slew twenty before he was slain himself, for this fortune goes with the club—that he who owns it shall die holding it, but in a great fashion. There is but one other weapon to match with it in Zululand, and that is the great axe of Jikiza, the chief of the People of the Axe, who dwells in the kraal yonder; the ancient horn-hafted *Imbutu*, the Grom-Maker, that brings victory. Were axe Grom-Maker and club Watcher of the Fords side by side, there are no thirty men in Zululand who might stand before them. I have said. Choose, and she watched me cunningly through her horny eyes.

"She speaks truly now," said one of those who stood near. "Let the club be, young man: he who owns it smites great blows indeed, but in the end he dies by the assegai. None dare own the Watcher of the Fords."

"A good death and a swift!" I answered, and pondered a time, while still the old woman watched me through her horny eyes. At length she rose, "La! la!" she said, "the Watcher is not for this one. This one is but a child, I must seek me a man, I must seek me a man!"

"Not so fast, old wife," I said; "will you lend me this club to hold in my hand while I go to find the bones of your son and to snatch them from the people of the ghosts?"

"Lend you the Watcher, boy? Nay, nay! I should see little of you again or of the good club either."

"I am not thief," I answered. "If the ghosts kill me, mayhap you will see me no more, or the club either; but if I live I will bring you back the bones, or, if I do not find them, I will render the Watcher into your hands again. At the least I say this: that if you will not lend me the club, then I will not go into the haunted place."

"Boy, your eyes are honest," she said, still peering at me. "Take the Watcher, go seek the bones. If you die, let the club be lost with you; if you fall, bring him back to me; but if you win the bones, then he is yours, and he shall bring you glory, and you shall die a great death at last holding him aloft among the dead."

"So on the morrow at dawn I took the club Watcher in my hand and a little dancing shield, and made ready to start. The old woman blessed me and bade me farewell, but the other people of the kraal mocked, saying: 'A little man for so big a club! Beware, little man, lest the ghosts use the club on you!' So they spoke, but one girl in the kraal—she is a granddaughter of the old woman—led me aside, praying me not to go, for the forest on the Ghost Mountain had an evil name: none dared walk there, since it was certainly full of spirits, who howled like wolves. I thanked the girl, but to the others I said nothing, only I asked of the path to the Ghost Mountain.

"Now, stranger, if you have strength, come to the mouth of the cave and look out, for the moon is bright."

So Umslopogaas rose and crept through the narrow mouth of the cave. There, above him, a great grey peak, shaped like a seated woman, towered high into the air, her chin resting upon her breast, the place where the cave was being, as it were, on the lap of the woman. Below this place the rock ran down sharply, and was clothed with little bushes. Lower down yet was a forest, great and dense, that stretched to the lip of a cliff, and at the foot of the cliff, beyond the waters of the river, lay the wide plains of Zululand.

"Yonder, stranger," said Galazi, pointing with the club Watcher of the Fords far away to the plain beneath; "yonder is the kraal where the aged woman dwelt. There is the cliff rising from the plain, up which I must climb; there is the forest where dwelt the *Amatongo*, the people of the ghosts; there, on the hither side of the forest, runs the path to the cave, and here is the cave itself. See this stone lying at the mouth of the cave, it turns thus, shutting up the mouth of the cave—it turns gently; though it is so large, a child may move it, for it rests upon a sharp point of rock. Only this—the stone may not be pushed too far; for, look! if it came to here," and he pointed to a mark in the mouth of the cave, "then that man must be strong who can draw it back again, though I have done it myself, who am not a man full grown. But if it pass beyond this mark, then, see, it will roll down the neck of the cave like a pebble down the neck of a gourd, and I think that two men, one striving from within and one dragging from without, scarcely could avail to push it clear. Look now, I close the stone, as is my custom of a night, thus"—and he grasped the rock and swing it round upon its pivot, on which it turned as a door turns. "Thus I leave it, and though, except those to whom the secret is known, none would guess that a cave was here, yet with a push of the hand it may be rolled back. But enough of the stone. Enter again, stranger, and I will go forward with my tale, for it is long and strange."

"I started from the kraal of the old woman, and the people of the kraal followed me to the brink of the river. It was in flood, and few had dared to cross it.

"Ha! ha!" they cried, "now your journey is done, little man; watch by the ford you who would win the Watcher of the Ford! Beat the water with the club, perhaps so it shall grow gentle that your feet may pass it!"

"I answered nothing to their mocking, only I bound the shield upon my shoulders with a string, and the bag that I had brought I made fast about my middle, and I held the great club in my teeth by the thong. Then I plunged into the river and swam. Twice, stranger, the current bore me under, and those on the bank shouted that I was lost; but yet I rose again, and in the end I won the farther shore.

"Now those on the bank mocked no more; they stood still wondering, and I walked on till I came to the foot of the cliff. That cliff is hard to climb, stranger, when you are strong upon your feet again, I will show you the path. Yet I found a way up it, and by midday I came to the forest. Here, on the edge of the forest, I rested awhile, and ate a little food, that I had brought with me in the bag, for now I must gather up my strength to meet the ghosts, if ghosts there were. Then I rose and plunged into the forest. The trees are great that grow there, stranger, and the leaves of them are so thick that in certain places the light is as that of night when the moon is little. Still, I wended on, often losing my path. But from time to time between the tops of the trees I saw the figure of the grey stone woman who sits on the top of Ghost Mountain, and shaped my course towards her knees. My heart beat as I wended through the forest in dark and loneliness like that of the night, and ever I looked round searching for the eyes of the *Amatongo*. But I saw no spirits, though at times great spotted snakes crept from before my feet, and perchance these were the *Amatongo*. At times, also, I caught glimpses of

some grey wolf as he slunk from tree to tree watching me, and always high above my head the wind sighed in the pines, like the sighing of women.

"Still, I went on, singing to myself as I went, that my heart might not faint with fear, and at length, toward the end of the second hour, the trees grew fewer, the ground rose upwards, and the light poured down from the heavens. "How now, stranger, you are weary, and the night wears on; sleep, and to-morrow I will end the tale. Say, first, who are you named?"

"I am named Umslopogaas, son of Mopo," he answered, "and my tale shall be told when yours is done; let us sleep!" Now, when Galazi heard this name he started and was troubled, but said nothing. So they laid them down to sleep, and Galazi wrapped Umslopogaas with the skins of men.

But Galazi the Wolf was so hardy that he lay down on the bare rock and had no covering. So they slept, and without the door of the cave the wolves howled, scenting the blood of men.

(To be continued.)

THE REDEMPTION OF GERALD ROSECOURT.

BY BARRY PAIN.

From the *Journal of Gerald Rosecourt, Mrs. Bar., Organist of St. Andrew's, Burdon, Yorkshire.*

CHAPTER VI.

July 7.—Once more I am disappointed. What have I done that she should desert me? Of what use is my redemption to me if I am to lose my dear saint? But I must be patient. To-morrow she will make me happy again, and I shall laugh at my fears.

The vicar has had an expert down from London to look at the tower. The expert says that the tower is perfectly safe, except under some extraordinary stress. He has made some restriction, which I do not quite understand, about the bellringing—chiefly to satisfy the vicar's nervousness. Of course, Remyer insists that he knows more about it than the expert. I have seen a good deal of Remyer these last few days. He has been twice to my room late in the evening; and he always manages somehow to make himself interesting. To-night, as we were sitting here and smoking, he was talking about his medical work, and I asked him if there was any subject in which he was specially interested.

"Yes," he said. "I am specially interested in diplomacy."

It would have concerned me once, but it does not concern me now. I chatted with him about the subject for a minute, and then let it go past. A few days ago—at the most a few weeks—I myself was a dipsomaniac. It seems years ago. Remyer tells me that he is stopping here until the first week in August. Poor Cecily Fane! He has never said another word to me about his passion for her. It is the weak spot in him, and he knows it. But I fancy he believes that in the end he will win her. He must have been referring to her indirectly the other day when he said, speaking of some professional success of his that I had mentioned, "Yes, I have got into the habit of getting things that I want," for his next remark was about some book that he had lent her.

July 21.—How horribly sad life is!

It is more than a fortnight since my saint has appeared to me or made the least sign of her existence. Can it have been that when I saw her that night—with hands outstretched—under the old tower, she was bidding farewell to me? I do not know, and I hardly dare to think about it. I am very depressed. I dare not conjecture what will happen to me if I never see her or hear her voice again. To-night I should not care to put myself to the test. I have lost all confidence in myself. But I will wait a little longer—for a few days. Surely, she will not let me fall back again. If my saint does not come back to me I am lost.

I saw Cecily Fane this morning in the village, and spoke to her for a few minutes. She looked very white. I ventured to tell her that she did not seem to be well.

"That is what they say to me at home. They want me to go away—to the seaside or somewhere, but I do not think I shall go."

"Don't you think it would be better to have a change?"

"No," she said impatiently. "If they send me away, I will make point of dying." She forced a nervous little laugh. "I am going to get well here. Indeed, I am getting well. I have not fainted since—since that day."

"I remember. You frightened me rather."

"And I was hysterical then. I have not been so weak since. I do hate myself for that!"

"Why should you?"

"Oh! I don't know, but I do detest hysterical people. Sometimes, you know, hysterical persons say things—strange things—that they do not really mean, and never even think about when they are well." She paused for a moment. "I didn't say anything, did I?" she added.

"No, you never said a word. You were only very slightly hysterical, and quite quiet." I am inclined to think that this lie of mine was one of those which are more blessed than the truth. She was evidently greatly relieved.

"I am very glad of that. Dr. Remyer wanted to prescribe for me, but I wouldn't let him, of course. He has a way of looking at me as if he thought there was something the matter with me and he knew what it was. It is quite intolerable. He looks at the church tower in much the same way."

I was struck with the truth of this remark. "He looks at me, too, in that way, and yet there is nothing the matter with me."

"No," she said, "or I would take care of you—because you took care of me when I fainted," she added hurriedly. It struck me that the first half of her sentence was spontaneous and the latter half was art. She went on to speak of the Remyers: "They will not be here very much longer now. I do not mind Mildred Remyer. She just sits and does painful things with crewels, and talks about her brother's success.



I saw Cecily Fane standing in the churchyard. She was bareheaded, looking upwards to the crescent moon.

But he always seems to me like some sort of wild beast waiting for its opportunity to spring. Oh, I hate him!"

"He does not hate you," I said.

"That is it. That is just it," she answered, a little bitterly. "But papa likes him—he can make himself interesting, you know."

Poor Cecily Fane! What has this child done that she should be so much hurt? I wish that I could go away; surely it would be better for her in the end. But while there is the least chance that I may see my saint, I cannot go.

July 30.—More than a week has passed since I last wrote in my journal. I said rightly that life was horribly sad.

I have just come back, as usual, from the church. When I got to the porch, on leaving, I saw Cecily Fane standing in the churchyard. There is an entrance into the churchyard from the vicarage garden. She was bareheaded, looking upwards to the crescent moon. She was near to me, but she had not seen or heard me. Suddenly she spoke aloud, "If I could only die!" she said. I stepped softly back again into the church, and stopped Johnson, who was just coming down the aisle after me, I pretended that I wished to go back to the organ to fetch some music. When we returned she had gone.

Cecily Fane! Cecily Fane, with your broken heart you are happier than I am!

I have not seen Saint Cecilia, and I know now why I have not seen her. I have read through my journal again, and I am fooled no longer. I am driven mad with anguish of mind, but I am no longer deceived. I will write it down plainly and clearly, although it is an effort to me to sit still and write at all.

I thought that my saint appeared to me and spoke to me; it was all delusion—delusion bred in a brain deranged by drink. That delusion redeemed me, but the very effect of my redemption, the fact that I gave up drink, gradually destroyed the delusion. I am therefore left where I was at the commencement; only one motive could keep me from drink, and that motive was produced by drink. It is beautifully ironical. The delusion has vanished, and in consequence the drink-craving has returned.

Only I will struggle no more. It matters nothing whether I would be good or bad; it was all arranged for me long ago. Farewell, my saint! Farewell, for you never can mean anything to me again. You never can help me again. I know you—the delusion of my own disordered mind, the sign, perhaps, of coming insanity.

I can write no more, for I must drink and forget it.

have something to say to you as a man. You must leave this village; you must go. And, further, you must go to-morrow. By to-morrow you will have invented some reason to give the vicar for your sudden departure."

"Yes," I said, "I will go. I should have gone in any case."

"That is well. Last night I told Cecily Fane that I loved her, and asked her to be my wife."

"And she refused you," I said. I remembered what I had heard in the churchyard. "That has nothing to do with it."

"Pardon me," he answered, "but it has a great deal to do with it. During my short interview with Cecily I was enabled to assure myself on one point where previously I only had suspected. Cecily Fane is very much in love with you. She thinks of no one else, and you do not love her in the least. For Cecily's sake you had better go. Secondly, when I was in your sitting-room last night, I thought it well—for the further elucidation of your case—to read your private journal, which you had left open on the table. I think it is a very bad case, but it is not hopeless. Only you must have proper treatment, which you cannot receive in this village. For your own sake it is better that you should go. Thirdly, I am going to marry Cecily Fane. I get the things that I want, though I sometimes have to wait for them. Last night I changed her attitude towards me. She pities me now, for we have met on the ground of a common suffering. She probably thinks that the person who pitied holds a stronger position than the person pitied. Indeed, my pride ought to revolt. Only, you see, pity is an excellent beginning of love, and I provoked it quite intentionally. I might, of course, let her know that you were a filthy, weak-willed drunkard; and it might possibly destroy her love for you. But I am more inclined to think that she would pity you, and try to reclaim you; she would not do it, because she does not understand the medical aspect of the case, but she would try. So I shall not let her know anything of the kind. But her mental impression of you will become less vivid if she never sees you or hears from you. Fidelity is very much a matter of memory. Therefore, for my sake, it is better that you should go. I simply wanted to show you that I am not unreasonable, although, as you pointed out in your journal, I am very ugly. As long as one is not unreasonable, one can get most things. Now I must go, else I shall be late for church, as I have to go on to the post-office first."

I heard all this as if in a dream. I have been through the day as if in a dream. During the evening service the wind, which had been blowing hard all day, increased to a perfect hurricane. The vicar looked nervous, and as I left the church, Remyer, who was waiting outside, touched me on the shoulder. "I think," he said, "that if this hurricane continues, the church tower will certainly fall to-night. I may be wrong, but I think so. If it does, you have your excuse for at least a temporary absence ready-made for you."

Of course Remyer did not know what I know; that this night it is my intention to do away with all further need for excuses or secrecy. I can bear life no longer.

My brain has grown quite clear again, and I have remembered that improvisation of mine which I played on the first night of my delusion. I will go back to the church and play it. Johnson will not mind coming; he has no notion that the tower is unsafe. I will play my farewell to life, and then come back here. I have everything ready, and I do not think that I shall hesitate.

Aug. 1.—I write in pencil, and with great difficulty. The tower fell as we were entering the church. Johnson escaped. I am badly crushed, and can only live for a few hours now.

I have been dreaming—dreaming of my saint. Saint Cecilia, even though it be by death, you have redeemed me. I come back to you now—gladly. To-morrow I shall be with you.

THE END.



July 31.—It is Sunday night, and the service is just over.

Last night I was beside myself with trouble. When I sat down to drink I took no precautions against discovery. I did not, as I had always done before, go into my bed-room and lock the door. I sat drinking in my sitting-room until I fell into a state of stupor. Suddenly I was startled out of my sleep, and saw George Remyer standing over me. I think I tried to ask him what he was doing in my room. He told me that he had just knocked and entered, as he had often done before. He put away the bottle and glass and locked them up. Then he helped me across the landing into my bed-room. He was perfectly quiet, and spoke to me as a doctor would to a patient. He did all that a doctor could have done for me. When he had got me into bed, he said: "I had suspected this, you know, Rosecourt—suspected it all along, although there were things that perplexed me. You will see me again in the morning."

He came again in the morning, shortly before the bells began to ring for service. I was feeling very ill and wretched. He looked grave and firm. He asked me when I had first acquired the habit of drinking, and to what extent I had indulged in it. There were some other questions of a similar kind. I answered them all truly. I kept back nothing from shame, for I was past shame. I was quite broken, and I did not care any more about anything. He was walking up and down the room as he asked these questions. When he had finished them he stood still, leaning with his back against the mantelpiece, and spoke to me.

"So far, Rosecourt, I have spoken to you as to a patient. As a patient, you interest me exceedingly, and—I confess it—perplex me slightly. As a man, you interest me less, but I



THE RECENT CRISIS IN RIO DE JANEIRO: MOUNTED POLICE CLEARING THE RUA DO OUVIDOR.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

LITERATURE.

THE POETRY OF TENNYSON.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

The Poetry of Tennyson. By Henry Van Dyke. Second edition, revised and enlarged. (Elkin Mathews.)—The poet who attains to fourscore without surviving his reputation will be able in a manner to anticipate the verdict of posterity. Hostility will tire of waiting; the inevitable effects of reaction and mutation in taste will influence the great body of criticism, and admirers, on their part, will come forth with the commentaries and mannae proper to an accepted classic. Such a phenomenon was Sir Henry Taylor's "Notes on Books," mainly devoted to Wordsworth and Southey during their lifetime, and such is Dr. Van Dyke's tribute to the living Tennyson. Considered as an aid to the study of the Laureate, this labour of love merits warm commendation. Its grouping of the poems, its bibliography and chronology, its catalogue of biblical allusions and quotations, are each and all substantial accessions to the knowledge of the author. As a critic, Dr. Van Dyke, like every other critic, illustrates Gomme's saying that no one can jump off his own shadow. As a clergyman, he is naturally and excusably led to regard the poet principally in the light of a teacher. This point of view cannot but occasionally put the critical estimate out of focus. "In Memoriam" is rated relatively much too high; "Maud" much too low, and the weird "Locksley Hall" is put nearly on a level with the first, any one couplet of which is assuredly worth the whole of it. The adage *de gustibus* loses its force when the cause of disturbance is so clearly traceable. Dr. Van Dyke's remarks, however, except when political feeling intrudes, are rarely amiss in themselves; the fault is a general lack of proportion and an unconscious undervaluing of the purely poetical element in his author. In one point his profession has helped him—his perception of the affinities between Tennyson and Milton, on which he has written a most interesting essay. The comparison between the Laureate's highly artificial song in "Queen Mary" and the simple and natural "Orpheus" song in "Henry VIII" is not one between Tennyson and Shakspere, but between Tennyson and Fletcher. Shakspere's hand is but rarely traceable in "Henry VIII."

COBDEN AND MANCHESTER.

Ullyman Cobden. By Sir E. W. Watkin, Bart., M.P. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)—In this volume Sir Edward Watkin has collected some interesting reminiscences of Richard Cobden's associations with Manchester. That city has much reason to be grateful to the memory of her most distinguished townsmen, who was foremost in the remarkable battle which raged over the charter of incorporation. Sir Edward Watkin tells this story with much spirit, and recalls some incidents of the struggle which seem scarcely credible at this distance of time. The opposition to the incorporation of Manchester was not more reasonable than the opposition to the repeal of the Corn Laws, and it was carried on with the utmost pertinacity even after the charter had been granted. Never did vested interests make such a fight against the democratic principle in local affairs. At this time Cobden was intimately associated with Sir Edward Watkin's father, and the same relations were subsequently established between Sir Edward and the moving spirit of the Anti-Corn-Law League. There are many letters of Cobden's in this book which illustrate his untiring energy in a variety of enterprises. Not the least distinguished of his labours was the establishment of the Manchester Athenaeum, and one of his most successful speeches was delivered on an occasion when so eminent a political opponent as Disraeli was in the chair, and Cobden made a graceful allusion to the author of "Sibyl" and "Coningsby." In the midst of his arduous work in Paris in negotiating the Commercial Treaty with France, Cobden found time to discuss with Sir Edward Watkin the project of "making a French edition of the *Illustrated London News*," and committed himself to a further venture, which is still in the womb of time: "It seemed to me a plausible notion, because as the artistic part, which costs so much, is in a language common to all, I dare say that if an edition in the type legible in China could be printed, it would have a large sale in that country." Sir Edward Watkin's volume is illustrated by some interesting photographs, and it is a useful pendant to Mr. John Morley's biography of Cobden.

HOG-HUNTING.

In the Days When We Went Hog-Hunting. By J. Moray Brown. With twelve illustrations by J. C. Dollman, R.I. (John Haddon and Co.)—Mr. Moray Brown has, with Mr. Dollman's assistance, produced a capital book. A rechristening of the subject was needed. All that we have believed concerning the hog has gone for ever. From the prosaic level of bacon we rise with this ardent sportsman, "and drinking of the charmed cup we fall *upm* the grovelling swine." During one most pleasant hour we have been roused from the first slumbers at the call of "Sahib! Sahib!" have gone forth to breakfast beneath the shade of a giant mango, have watched with the watchman as the gregarious hog gambolled with his family in the growing crops, have taken the refreshing morning bath on reaching the place of meeting, and have superintended the beating of the boar with all the enthusiasm of the oldest hand in the hunt. We have set spurs to our restless Arab, and have felt all the enthusiasm which the hog may produce even in the youngest breasts. Mr. Moray has that happy power of inspiring his readers with an enthusiasm akin to his own. With the lightest touch and in the most pleasant vein he takes us from the barracks to the covert, from the covert to the level plain, "honeycombed with holes, cracks, and fissures, patches of knee-deep grass, and steep hills covered with loose rolling stones which seem to invite a *fauve pas* at every step." Over such ground the inspired hog-hunter takes his way striving against his brother for the first "spear," carried on by the excitement and the danger of the chase, and by the hope of winning the nine-inch tusks. We are in again when the wearied and angered boar turns at length upon his pursuers, and, mad with fury, gored the horse of the nearest until his life's blood runs from him, and seeks to bury his shining tusks deep in the sides of the men who have moved him from his lair. It is all in the best spirit of the lyrics of Whyte-Melville, and the proud "Who-Whoop," which is the soul of the work, finds an echo from the reader in his study, who awakes at once to the sentiment which the humble Hog can move in the human breast, and the magnificent sport which he can provide for those able to avail themselves of it. "I *swear* to *an open*! And I may the writer live long to sing the hog in well chosen lyrics, and may Mr. Dollman be there to paint him! The drawings in this happy work are really admirable. The artist catches the writer's happy spirit, and the life and movement which he imparts to his sketches of the galloping horses and the inspired hog-hunters are beyond praise. Every sportsman should buy this book.

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

Delagoa Bay, its Natives and Natural History. (Chapman and Hall.)—"The benighted region of Delagoa Bay," as Madame Rose Monteiro, née Bassett, calls it in her preface, has attracted some notice of late years. One must regret, considering the historical fame of old maritime enterprise and discoveries achieved by the first European nation which boldly sailed nearly all round Africa four centuries ago, that the Portuguese settlements on the Atlantic and Indian Ocean coasts are in an unsatisfactory condition. It is not in the spirit of jealousy, but of sympathy with the patriotic concern now felt in Portugal for these decaying remnants of ancestral military and mercantile establishments on remote shores, that England, which has somewhat improved the example, should view this melancholy spectacle. The state of the Mozambique, Zambesi, and Delagoa Bay colonies, either from neglect or weakness in their official administration, or from declining vigour in the parent country, is confessedly unworthy of their adventurous founders in the age of Vasco da Gama or of Albuquerque. In this volume, by a lady who resided some years at Lourenço Marquez, we find pleasant topics of description. Near that town, which promises with its fine harbour, when connected with the Transvaal by a yet unfinished railway, to gain commercial importance, she had a pretty cottage on the hill, ruled her Kafir servants with the gentle firmness of a practical English lady mistress, and studied the abundant varieties of sub-tropical vegetable and animal forms. Birds and insects, the latter being especially curious, also lizards, snakes, monkeys, and a few harmless wild quadrupeds, occupy much of her account, with some efforts to rear or tame domestic pets of one or another kind. She tells us anecdotes of Kafir habits and manners, always speaking of that race in a kindly tone. Her book, with its numerous illustrations, will interest those readers who have liked Mrs. Martin's "Iloma Life on an Ostrich Farm." The recent proposal to sell Delagoa Bay and Mozambique to the British Government as an expedient for the relief of Portuguese finances has apparently been rejected by public sentiment in Lisbon. We can afford to let it stand over and await further consideration.

A GUIDE TO GREEK TRAGEDY.

A Guide to Greek Tragedy. By the Rev. L. Campbell. (Percival and Co.)—The Professor of Greek at St. Andrews University, Dr. Lewis Campbell, whose metrical translations of Aeschylus and Sophocles are prized by many English readers, furnishes with the above title, a very useful treatise on the noble dramatic poetry of Athens. There is no reason why some share in the enjoyment of this most inspiring and elevating part of literary studies, which has the strongest moral interest, should be denied to readers unacquainted with the Greek language; but few ordinary Greek scholars would find the assistance of this "Guide" unprofitable for their need. The author's critical discussions of the nature of tragedy, of the origin and growth of dramatic art in Greece, the choice of its themes, the structure of plays, and the analysis of their emotional and intellectual elements, are closely argued, presenting much valuable truth in a concise and methodical form. Even for the sake of comparing the drama of classical antiquity with that of Shakspere we should recommend the perusal of this little book, though it will be more especially serviceable as an introduction to the three great poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, whose works, not equal collectively to Shakspere's alone in power of genius, are unsurpassed in artistic style and construction. Of their plays, respectively, only seven by the first named, seven by the second, and eighteen by the third are now extant; but the fragments and titles of many others prove the amazing energy of their productive authorship, and they were but the greatest of a multitude of Greek writers for the theatre during nearly two centuries of excellent poetic endeavour. The progress and changes of this popular branch of literature and public entertainment, with reference to the religious, ethical, and philosophical ideas of the Greeks, and to the politics of different Greek States, form an instructive historical inquiry. As much is perhaps to be learnt in this way from the tragedians and the comedian Aristophanes as from the masterly narrative of Thucydides, or from Xenophon and other followers; but, simply for the highest delight of the imagination, the Greek plays should stand next to those of the supreme English poet, and Professor Lewis Campbell's "Guide" deserves the best thanks of all students who would be aided in the quest of that unfailing mental pleasure.

A NOVEL BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

The Railway Man and his Children. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan.)—The writer of stories of modern domestic life who has a genuine talent for exhibiting individual characters mutually acting on each other can still invent new situations of sufficient interest without putting anybody to a violent death. Mrs. Oliphant's way is to imagine the members of a family somehow estranged from due affectionate confidence by the peculiar circumstances of their education or residence preventing the just recognition of their relative claims and duties. It is a common observation that, in these days of shifting pecuniary fortunes, of much wealth occasionally made in half a lifetime, and of restless ambition to gain a place in "society" by the display of money, families are often divided. There is nothing heroic, perhaps, in the conflict with personal distresses owing to these incompatibilities of outward position. But when a young man and a young woman have been left to grow up in ignorance of good manners, and with uncultured minds, while their father in India has acquired riches enough to hold his own with county gentry and nobility, misunderstandings of a painful nature may too readily ensue. This is the case with the family of Mr. James Rowland, a clever and lucky Glasgow working-man, who, being a widower, had entrusted his infant son and daughter, with a moderate allowance, to the care of their kindly aunt, and never thought of having them taught how to feel and behave after his return home, with a lively second wife, to enjoy the luxuries and dignities of his grand mansion on the shores of the Firth of Clyde. Young Archie Rowland, held in obscure and helpless idleness, though a simple, honest, well-disposed lad, has collapsed into sullen apathy from the lack of proper employment or liberal studies; and his sister, Marion, a companion of vulgar shop-girls, has become a pert, vain, silly, and heartless little flirt, utterly demoralised by her expectation of enjoying riches, and figuring with people of rank and fashion, when her father returns. "The Railway Man and his Children" in these relative moods and attitudes, are characters drawn with remarkable truth of perception: but far more admirable is that of the stepmother, Evelyn Howland, a middle-aged lady of the very best English type, faithfully devoted to her husband, yet resolved to do her utmost for the welfare of the two motherless young persons. Between these chief persons of the story, and Aunt Jem, the warm-hearted, wrong-headed, prejudiced old woman by whom Archie and Marion were brought up, scenes arise that have much dramatic force, while several minor Scotch characters are highly original, humorous, and lifelike.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

We are in the midst of a Carlyle boom, which includes two editions of the lectures of 1838, both culled from a certain Anstey manuscript. Mr. Anstey was a barrister and an Irish M.P., who attended the lectures and made a report of which he had copies made for the benefit of his friends. The original belongs to the Asiatic Society of Bombay, who acquired it at his death. They have just published the lectures, with some interesting notes by R. P. Karkaria (T. G. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street), and even a little earlier Messrs. Ellis and Elvey have issued the same book in a neater form, but less satisfactorily edited.

The book was not worth all the rivalry that it seems to have called forth, for the lectures, in their existing form, are wellnigh worthless. Here and there is a glimpse of the old Carlyle, with his fervid style and picturesque grasp of character, but tameness is the dominating characteristic—tameness and commonplace. Carlyle had never much feeling for classical literature, and the things which he is reported to have said to this audience of half a century ago are scarcely credible—as, for example, a curious reference to the "writings" of Socrates.

To anyone who wants a weird and uncanny sensation, secured by the simplest possible effort, I recommend *Manrice Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine,"* a translation of which has just been published by Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. David Stott has added Sir Thomas Browne's selected works to his *Stott Library*. The edition is a charming one, and many will be glad to possess the "Religio Medici," beloved of Johnson, and the "Urn Burial," bequeathed by Carlyle, in so handy a form for the pocket. It may be worth while here to quote Carlyle's words, written in his diary when he was thirty years of age: "The conclusion of the essay on 'Urn Burial,'" he says, "is absolutely beautiful; a still, elegiac mood, so soft, so deep, so solemn and tender, like the song of some departed saint fitting faint under the everlasting canopy of night; an echo of deepest meaning 'from the great and famous nations of the dead.' Browne must have been a good man."

Dr. Greenhill, who edited the "Religio Medici" for the *Golden Treasury Series*, is now engaged upon editing the "Urn Burial" for the Clarendon Press.

Necrology, printed and graven, has done not a little for the gaiety of nations, but the full enjoyment of many of the best instances offered by the story-tellers is apt to be checked by the absence of verifiable references. We have all heard of the Anglo-Indian inscription which is said to run thus: "Sacred to the memory of John Jones, Esquire, B.C.S., who was poisoned by his khututgar—'Well done I thou good and faithful servant'!"—but no authentic photograph has been shown, and we are sceptical. The credibility of this, however, and of all similar stories, is materially increased when one comes upon such an announcement as the following. It appeared in the *Church Times* of Jan. 8. The length of the interval between the two dates is not without significance—

On the 23rd ult. (Christmas Eve), —, the loving wife of ——

On the 23rd ult. (Christmas Eve), —, the loving wife of ——

A statement has gained currency that Lord Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" in response to the remonstrances of an old nurse, who complained that the Laureate had never written a hymn. A correspondent, however, informs me that Lord Tennyson has declared this to be "absolutely untrue," it having been written in the album of a Scottish lady and at her invitation.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "The Formal Garden in England," by Reginald Blomfield and F. Inigo Thomas. (Macmillan.)
- "That Stick," by Charlotte M. Yonge. Two vols. (Macmillan.)
- "Pretty Michael," by Maurice Jokai. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "The Childhood of Religions," by Edward Clodd. New edition, revised throughout and partly rewritten. (Kegan Paul and French.)
- "The Cabinet Minister," A Farce, by Arthur W. Pinero. (William Heinemann.)
- "Essays from 'Blackwood,'" by Anne Mozley. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
- "Modern Love," by George Meredith. (Macmillan.)
- "The Comedies of Carlo Goldoni," edited by Helen Zimmern. (David Stott.)
- "Lectures on the History of Literature," by T. Carlyle. With an Introduction and Notes by R. P. Karkaria. (T. G. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street.)
- "Lectures on the History of Literature," delivered by Thomas Carlyle, 1838. Now printed for the first time. Edited, with Prefaces and Notes, by Professor J. Reay Greene. (Ellis and Elvey.)
- "In the Midst of Life," by Ambrose Pierce. (Chatto and Windus.)
- "Sancho Panza's Proverbs," by Ulick Ralph Burke. (PICKERING and Chatto.)
- "Horae Sabatianae," by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. (Macmillan.)
- "Herrick's Lyrical Poems," edited by F. T. Palgrave. *Golden Treasury Series.* New edition. (Macmillan.)
- "The Letter of the Law," by Sir Herbert Maxwell. *Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour.* (Henry and Co.)
- "The Land of Flowers," by Clement Scott. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)
- "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench for 1892," (Dean and Son.)
- "Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law," by George R. Sims. (George Newnes.)
- "Chronicles of Westerly," Three volumes. By the author of "Culmshire Folk," &c. (William Blackwood and Sons.)
- "Denzil Quarrier," by George Gissing. (Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "Lincoln's Inn Sermons," by F. D. Maurice. Vol. IV. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "Madhava Rao Sindhi, otherwise called Madhoji," by H. G. Keene, C.I.E., M.A. *Rulers of India Series.* (Clarendon Press.)
- "A Strange Elopement," by W. Clark Russell. Illustrated by W. H. Overend. (Macmillan and Co.)
- "English Pen Artists of To-day: Examples of their Work, with some Criticisms and Appreciations," by Charles J. Harper. (Percival and Co.)
- "Recognition in Eternity," A Sermon preached before their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales in Sandringham Church, on Sunday morning, Jan 24, 1892, by the Rev. James Fleming. Printed by command of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, (Skeffington and Son, 163, Piccadilly.) All profit arising from the sale of this sermon will, by desire of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, be divided between the Gordon Boys' Home and the British Home for Incurables, Clapham Rise.

MRS. BISHOP'S TRAVELS IN PERSIA.

BY THE HON. GEORGE CURZON, M.P.

Persia is a country that appeals very vividly to the interest of Englishmen, not merely because they have seen the Shah and his diamonds, but because it is a country which has a political and commercial interest of its own—political, since it is one of those dominions contiguous to India in which the rivalry of Great Britain and Russia is hotly waged, and since it is the best surviving specimen of an Oriental monarchy of the old type; and commercial, inasmuch as a great deal of British capital is embarked in its development, and it is generally recognised that British influence is largely dependent upon commercial control. Anything that throws light upon such a country is welcomed at home; the more so as, owing to difficulties of communication arising from the mountainous and sometimes insecure condition of parts of the Shah's dominions, there are many Persian corners to which few travellers have penetrated, and which still present a picture of Oriental life in its primitive garb, gorgeous but squalid, romantic but ruffianly, semi-civilised but inflexibly rude. It is rare for an Englishman to penetrate into these inhospitable but interesting regions—rarer still for a lady. Indeed, I know of one only who has ever before essayed a portion of the task. But Mrs. Bishop is no ordinary or cotton-wool traveller, as the English reading public have long known; and those who have read of her former experiences in the Rocky Mountains or among the Ainos of Japan will rejoice that so gifted and

intrepid an explorer should have turned her wandering footsteps to the mountain fastnesses of Persia and of Asiatic Turkey, where dwell the Bakhtiari tribesmen and the formidable Kurds, and where despised and subject Christian populations, the Nestorian or Syrian and the Armenian, still retain beneath an alien yoke their national and religious vitality.

For it is in these parts of her two substantial volumes* that the interest of Mrs. Bishop's travels mainly lie. True, she journeyed from Baghdad to Teheran in the dead of winter, when the tracks were buried deep in snow, when the thermometer registered 10 deg. below zero in her tent, and when "six woollen layers of mask, three pairs of gloves, a sheepskin coat, fur cloak, and macintosh, besides a swaddling mass of woollen clothing," could not keep out the excruciating rigours of the climate; and excellent are her descriptions of



A DERVISH.

the combined humours and horrors of camp life under such conditions, of the inveterate rascality of Arab and Persian servants, and of the peeps into the domestic life of the harem, which her sojourn as the guest of Persian officials enabled her to procure. True again, when she arrived at Teheran, and again when she journeyed from the capital to Juifa, the Armenian suburb of Isfahan, Mrs. Bishop utilised the opportunities of well-earned repose, or of more comfortable progress, to form and to express opinions about the political conditions of Persia, the character of its government, and the state of its people, which are distinguished by great moderation and sound sense. Nowhere can be found wiser or more temperate remarks upon the character and results of missionary labour in the East, that thorny question by which the critics are usually divided into such opposite and irreconcileable camps. Very vivid, too, are her pictures of the familiar figures of Persian travel—the wandering dervish, for instance, who makes sanctity an excuse



TOMB OF ESTHER AND MORDECAI, AT HAMADAN.

for idleness, and is at once a beggar, a story-teller, a saint, and a thief. But it is when she leaves the beaten track, and is in the midst of peril and adventure in Bakhtiari-land—the little-known cluster of high mountains and deep gorges that sever



ALI JAN.

Central from Western Persia—that Mrs. Bishop is at her best. Of adventure she certainly had her fill, if to have her purse stolen in the first week, and, later on, all the little necessities of toilette and travel, as well as her precious sketches and



ARMENIAN WOMEN OF LIBASGUN.

notes, can legitimately be called adventure; while peril there certainly is when ugly and turbulent tribesmen descend in sudden assault and when rifle bullets go singing through the air. All these dangers Mrs. Bishop happily escaped by the aid of her own *savoir faire*, of the physical prowess of an English companion whom she denominates the *aghā*, of the popularity arising from her skilful use of a medicine-chest, and of the good luck that somehow usually saves the sportsman's or sportswoman's skin. Though the bulk of her notes were robbed, she retained sufficient, either in memory or on paper, to furnish us with the best modern account of the tribal government, intrigues, warfare, and customs of the most interesting among the Shah's subjects; and the students of Rawlinson and Layard will welcome a worthy follower in those famous footsteps. In one respect, Mrs. Bishop, by virtue of her sex, enjoyed superior opportunities; and her picture of the interior of a polygamous household, with its paralysing mixture of dullness, frivolity, and degradation, casts a lurid light upon the working of the Mohammedan code. In these remote regions, too, where splendid mountains frame an ever-narrow horizon, and where deep-green rivers thunder at the bottom of sunless gorges, Mrs. Bishop's familiar command of words reappears, and we seem to see the colours as she transfers them to her dexterous palette. Of the remainder of her journey, after leaving Hamadan, where the legendary tomb of Esther and Mordecai is an object of great pilgrimage to the Jews, through North-West Persia and the North-East corner of Asiatic Turkey, it is hard to say which is the more interesting section—that which deals with the Syrian or Nestorian Christians of the Persian and Turkish highlands, or that which relates the depredations of the truculent Kurds upon their defenceless Armenian neighbours. Both are questions that excite great interest in England, and upon both Mrs. Bishop will be quoted as an authority—a claim to which she is in all respects entitled, as well by her careful appreciation of the labours and knowledge of others as by her own independent inquiries and verdict. In her preface she laments her own lack of vivacity, the only instance of a misapplied



KURD OF SUJBULAK.

word in the two volumes before us, than which it is long since a better work of travel, in the highest sense of a much-abused term, has been given to the reading public.



A SYRIAN FAMILY.

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The President of the Local Government Board has decided to institute a special inquiry, directed by the officers of the Medical Department, with the aid of Dr. Klein and other scientific experts, to ascertain the causes, mode of diffusion, symptoms, complications, and pathological character of influenza, with a view to its prevention.

A proposal, which may possibly remove the difficulties in the project of the new "Albert" University for London, is contemplated by the trustees of Gresham College, in the City, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1577, and governed by a joint grand committee of the Mercers' Company and the City Corporation. They would contribute an income of £2000 a year, with "a local habitation and a name," stipulating that the charter of the University should be modified in a liberal sense, and that it should be called "The Gresham University of London."

Mr. W. Stern Fisher.

Hon. F. Parker.

Sir R. Temple.

Mr. H. H. H. Gibbs.

Mr. G. Dodge.

Mr. G. Wyndham.
Mr. G. Lester.Sir H. W. Tyler.
Sir J. Gurn.Hon. G. X. Cawse.
Sir Hon. J. Lowther.

The Speaker: Sir Hon. A. W. Peel.



Sir Hon. C. T. Ritchie.

Sir Hon. H. Matthews.

Sir J. Ferguson.
Lord G. Hamilton.

Sir M. Hinde-Smith.

Sir Hon. H. Cawse.

Sir Hon. A. J. Balfour.

Mr. Reginald Pulgrave, Clerk.

Mr. Milner, Clerk Assistant.

Mr. Jenkins, Deputy Clerk Assistant.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: SESSION OF 1892.—THE TREASURY BENCH.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some years ago I remember being asked to indicate to a friend the nature of the so-called "ginger-beer plant," which in many country districts is used to make an effervescent drink. My reply was that I understood the "plants" in question to partake of the nature of yeast, and that their action was analogous to fermentation. But I was not prepared to find on looking into the question of data, that so little was known regarding the ginger-beer plant by botanists. A conversation with my friend Professor Bayley Balfour, then of Oxford and now of Edinburgh, resulted in my being informed that the exact nature of the "ginger-beer plant" required working out. This task, I observe, has now been accomplished. Professor Marshall Ward has analysed out the "plant" into a very curious case of association between two groups of fungi related to the yeast tribe. The "plant" thus represents a case of what biologists call "symbiosis"—that is, the association or kinship exhibited between two (or more) different organisms for purposes of the common life. One species finds it to its advantage to be associated with another species, and so a kind of biological friendship (not of a quite disinterested kind) is struck between the two organisms, and the kinship is perpetuated accordingly. Of late years we have had numerous examples brought to light of this "symbiosis"; but it is curious, to say the least, to discover that the familiar "ginger-beer plant" represents in itself an example of this communal life hitherto unsuspected by the scientific mind, possibly on account of its ultra-commonplace nature. After all, a good many of the real wonders of life environ and encompass our daily footsteps, and, for the most of us, remain neglected, and unknown because we have not been trained at school to read the language in which Nature speaks to "the heart that loves her."

A few weeks back I referred to the curious migrations of the Norwegian lemming, which leaves its home periodically and passes in hordes towards the sea. This procedure, I remarked, had always attracted the notice of naturalists because of its apparently meaningless nature. I added that the explanation usually given was that of the animals seeking a "land of promise" that no longer exists, an old

If, as is to be hoped, the influenza epidemic will have markedly decreased by the time these lines are perused, it is tolerably certain that the flood of correspondence which has ensued regarding the causes and cure of the ailment will not have abated. As I write, every newspaper, lay and professional, is crowded with details regarding the epidemic; but it is most earnestly to be desired that the old aphorism about wisdom being found in the multiplicity of counsellors could be more clearly illustrated. I can perfectly realise what the lay mind must think when it reads of this treatment being extolled, and of that other and opposite treatment being regarded as infallible. One man pins his faith to thirty grains of bicarbonate of potash given every three or four hours; another tells us his remedy is benzole; a third physician advocates oxygen-inhalation; a fourth believes in salicylate of soda; a fifth says the ordinary ammonium mixtures are his sheet-anchors; and so on, the whole pharmacopoeia seems to have been laid under contribution. Possibly this universal and all-round medication is only a natural result of the varying personal equation which counts for so much when we are dealing with living bodies, and especially with human bodies suffering under disease. The cynics will smile at and remark upon the glorious uncertainty of the healing art; only they should bear in mind that there can be no mathematical certainty where life and its interests are concerned. Now that we seem to have got hold of the influenza-germ, it is to be hoped we shall be prepared with some definite course of treatment by the time the next epidemic visits us; meanwhile, the most sensible advice I have yet seen regarding *la grippe* is that which tells us "to go to bed, to keep warm, to preserve a cheerful mind (herculean task, indeed!), and to send for the doctor."

May I point out to my readers that of late two "books to read" have been published in popular science well worthy of the perusal of all who are interested in enlarging their knowledge of the outer universe, physical and vital? The first of these books is Sir Robert Ball's "Cause of an Ice Age," a volume my readers will find entertaining and instructive in the highest degree. The second volume is entitled "The Horse: a Study in Natural History," by Professor W. H. Flower. Both works form volumes of a new series called "Modern Science," edited by Sir John Lubbock, whose name is, of course, a guarantee

ART NOTES.

The artists and picture-dealers have been doing their best during the past few days to lift the gloom which settled upon the West-End of London three weeks ago. Bond Street and the Haymarket are beginning to resume once more their wonted aspect on the opening of the Parliamentary Session. The most generally interesting of the picture exhibitions is Mr. McLean's (7, Haymarket), where is to be seen a collection of nearly fifty specimens of the "Barbizon School." All are not of the same degree of merit, but the examples of each master are sufficiently numerous to enable the visitor to gain a fair notion of the excellencies of each. Diaz, Millet, Corot, and Daubigny are the most *en évidence*. Of the first-named, two such dissimilar works as the "Glade in the Forest of Fontainebleau," a sylvan scene of wonderful transparency, and "Diane la Chasseresse," a group of figures of miniature size, but free in movement and splendid in colour, give some faint idea of the range of this artist's work. Millet's attempt at a religious painting for the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette at Paris is interesting rather than successful. There is something painfully inhuman in the wooden figure of the Child, held in the arms of a Virgin without grace or dignity, and one can only be thankful that Millet so soon gave up this style of work for the study of humanity. The picture by him known as "The Plain of Forges" is a view of his first home at Barbizon, where he spent several years of his hard life. Corot's "Le Bateau," Jules Dupré's "Coming Squall," Daubigny's "Gust of Wind," and Jacques's "Taking Home the Flock" are among the gems of this collection; and a curious little work, "The Choristers," by the caricaturist Daumier, is interesting as being one of the very few attempts he made to paint in oil colours. Possibly most will be of opinion that he was wise in not pursuing that branch of his art.

At Messrs. Tooth's, next door, by a rare chance, the majority of the pictures are on this occasion by English artists, but they are for the most part water colours. The original drawings made by Mr. Marcus Stone—now a Royal Academician—for "Our Mutual Friend" show not only the artist's promise at an early age, but testify to Dickens's insight into the young man's powers of interpretation. There is a gruesomeness in "The Bird of Prey" and joviality in "The Boffin Progress," which are thoroughly true to Dickens, and make one regret that Mr. Marcus Stone had not had greater opportunities of illustrating his old friend's stories. Mr. G. J. Pinwell was another clever illustrator whose hopes of making a name were prematurely cut off, and in his "Elixir of Love"—a finely grouped and delicately coloured picture—he showed that he had the qualities of a true artist. Among the foreigners' work, Meissonier's "Outpost Duty" finds itself in excellent company, and many will perhaps think that for variety and movement his pupil, Edouard Détaille, was not far behind his master. Charles Meissonier, the great painter's son, can also do very creditable work, but it is too often wholly imitative, and therefore invites comparison with his father's; but when he tries his hand at rural scenes he displays no little skill and ingenuity.

Among the oil paintings still to be seen in this gallery are Mr. Alma Tadema's "Une Fête Intime," which grows more harmonious and beautiful each year, Sir Frederick Leighton's "Kittens," so well known by engravings, and W. Bouguereau's "Premiers Bijoux," not perhaps the most successful of his works.

The case of the public against the First Commissioner of Works in the matter of the National Gallery of Art has been ably and temperately put by Mr. M. H. Spielmann in the current number of the *New Review*. He shows how the unhappy Mr. Tate, who wished honestly to be a public benefactor, has been treated with scarcely more courtesy than if he were a public nuisance. He began by offering his collection of English pictures, estimated to be worth £70,000, to the National Gallery; but the trustees of that institution declined it "for want of space." A few months later Mr. Tate offered "not fewer than fifty-seven" of his pictures to the nation, if a gallery should be prepared for them by June 30 next. For some time it seemed as if the eastern and western galleries at South Kensington might be made available for the purpose, but before a decision was arrived at the cry was raised that such an arrangement implied the management of the gallery by the "South Kensington gang," and forthwith a rival clique urged the superior claims of Kensington Palace as an asylum for Mr. Tate's pictures. This proposal in its turn gave way before the offer of a site opposite the Imperial Institute, a suggestion which roused a piercing shriek from the "scientists," who declared that their museums would be in this way cut off from the scientific schools. Science carried the day against art, but Mr. Tate was still anxious to see his intentions carried into effect, and offered £80,000 with which to build a suitable gallery, provided the Government would find the site, setting aside Kensington Palace, the Thames Embankment, and South Kensington. Mr. Spielmann urges that the only reasonable solution is to be found in Trafalgar Square. The St. George's Barracks, in the rear of the National Gallery, are a constant source of danger to that priceless collection of works of art, and the space now occupied by the barracks should, he infers, be at once given up to the erection of the English Luxembourg.

Our own feeling is that the grouping of the National Gallery, the English Gallery, and the National Portrait Gallery, if not the wisest, may be defended as a convenient plan. It suggests, however, a terrible surfeit of pictures, and the mind recoils at the idea of our country cousins or foreign visitors being requested to "do" our three national collections the same day. We still hold that the space between Parliament Street and St. James's Park, now temporarily occupied by the iron buildings erected for the Census Office, is the most advantageous piece of ground in the hands of the Crown. The Chief Commissioner of Works, for some reason, refused to give it as a site for the National Portrait Gallery. Does the same unknown objection hold good with regard to the Tate gift? or is the attitude of the Government to-day the same as it was in 1836, when Mr. Angerstein made his first gift, and, in spite of the opposition or indifference of the Government, founded our National Gallery? Splendid additions would be voluntarily made to that collection if only the owners of pictures had some assurance that their gifts would be properly housed and protected.

Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, Lady Margaret Cameron, and family had a narrow escape of being swept away during the terrific floods in the Highlands. One of the embankments gave way owing to the melting of the snow, and Achnacharry House was speedily surrounded by the foaming waters. The butler, who was in bed, finding the water in the pantry, gave the alarm and aroused the family, who escaped with difficulty, and sought refuge in the house of an hospitable neighbour, where they were forced to remain till the flood subsided.



LEMMINGS.

habit of migration thus still exercising its influence over the race. Mr. W. Dupa-Crotch, in *Nature*, corrects a misapprehension of mine that "only a miserable remnant of the original swarm" reaches the sea. Mr. Dupa-Crotch tells us that he shared this view at first; we should now, however, bear in mind that, so prolific are these animals, "that their numbers increase despite their enemies." As I understand Mr. Dupa-Crotch's further remarks, the lemmings which reach the sea belong to a later generation than that which set out on the erratic tour. He says, "Probably no single individual of those who began the exodus lives to share its fate." If this be so, then still stronger grows the argument that the whole matter is one of absolute inheritance and of a perpetuated instinct leading the animals to seek their "lost Atlantis." I beg to thank Mr. Dupa-Crotch for his courteous remarks, and to add that I regret I did not give him the credit he claims for originating the idea of the lemmings' "lost land of promise." One is apt to lose sight and knowledge in these go-ahead days of the originator of a much-discussed idea; so I very gladly give Mr. Dupa-Crotch all the credit due for the theory explanatory of a difficult subject, to the study of which every naturalist knows he has paid great attention.

My friend Mr. Mattieu Williams has also contributed a letter on the lemmings' periodical tours, and, as he is an old and experienced hand in matters Norwegian, his views are worth attention. Mr. Mattieu Williams thinks we have overlooked the real cause of the lemmings' migrations. The whole of Norway, he says, is the lemming country (north of the Jotunheimen region), "is simply the steep and narrow westward slope of a long ridge of mountains." The migrations are said to take place on the line of the valleys, and this, of course, will be to the west. Breeding in the uplands, the increase of population must entail a migration or a famine. The former course ensues, and they go westward, in the line where vegetation becomes plentiful. Mr. Mattieu Williams, therefore, seems to decline to believe in the inherited instinct theory; but is it not possible that the very acts he describes are such as depend on the workings of an instinct leading to "fresh woods and pastures new"? If the lemmings seem to end their journey at the sea in a kind of meaningless way, there still remains the "lost land of promise" idea to explain this apparent freak. Besides, what Mr. Dupa-Crotch tells us of the swimming powers and habits of the lemmings in their journeys would seem to tell in favour of something more than a mere seeking after food being at the root of the pilgrimage.

for all that is correct and trustworthy in the teachings of the books. That Professor Tyndall's "New Fragments" is another "book to read" goes without saying.

One of the largest fees paid to any medical man in our time was the sum of 250,000 marks, or £12,000, given to the late Sir Morell Mackenzie for his attendance on the late German Emperor. But the fee which Mr. George Lewis paid him a few months ago for removal of a tumor was not bad, considering the time occupied in such a simple though delicate operation. It was 100 guineas.

The title of the useful handbook known as "The Year's Art" (J. S. Virtue and Co.), which this year "enters its teens," conveys a very inadequate idea of its contents. It is in reality a guide for the artist, the student, and the general public, not only to what has been done in the past, but to what is going to be done in the future in the art world. It enables artists to make preparations for coming exhibitions, whilst it serves to recall what was most noteworthy in the past. It moreover, shows in a compendious form what the State and private enterprise are doing to encourage art education and to stimulate public taste, not only in London but in the provinces. In the returns of the visitors to the provincial museums, almost all of which are free, we find Birmingham far in advance of all other important towns, Derby, Bradford, Sheffield, Salford, Bolton, and Manchester following in the order named. The series of portraits of artists commenced in 1888 is this year devoted to members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and to these are added excellent portraits on a larger scale of Sir Frederick Burton, Mr. George Scharf, C.B., Mr. Sidney Colvin, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, and others, as well as a reproduction of Holbein's famous picture of "The Ambassadors." We can cordially commend the methodical arrangement of the contents of this valuable handbook, which is indispensable to all who take a serious interest in the progress and development of art in Great Britain; and thanks are due to the editor, Mr. Huish, and his coadjutor for the pains with which they have accumulated and catalogued a vast quantity of useful information. Not the least interesting feature in the volume is a list of the pictures purchased since 1877 under the Chantrey Bequest, with the prices paid for each, and now exhibited at the South Kensington Museum. Perhaps another year we may have the interesting series of diploma pictures of the Royal Academicians catalogued in like manner, since the authorities at Burlington House seem unable to undertake the task.

MEDDLING WITH BURNS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Once a year, on Burns's birthday, the Scotch all over the world dine together, sing songs, and make speeches. No custom can be more kindly. The speeches, however, act the part of Ate, and throw the apple of discord on the festal board. It is difficult for the speakers to abstain from saying something or other about Burns—praising this in his poetry or conduct, regretting that, criticising or replying to criticism. Unluckily, you can do none of these things, or even abstain from doing them, without infuriating that irritable race the wild Western Whigs. We talk about the sensitiveness of the Americans, and sensitiveness they are; but Colonel Higginson is a model of literary repose compared to the West-land newspaper man when anybody whom he does not happen to like speaks about Burns. His demeanour then may be compared to that of "a short-tailed"—and short-tempered—"bull in flytime." Have I not been gored and trampled upon, as the animal capers through the flowery fields of song? Ah! he is a fine spirited creature, this critic, almost too easily roused, affording sport almost too facile to the amateur of teasing. Indeed, the mere existence of a Scot not of his breed, not speaking in that rich dialect of his, drives this kind of critic so far beyond himself that he makes puns, *facit indignatio*—what is the Latin for puns? Well, we cannot conciliate this being; our very existence he cannot pardon. But it is really curious to see how he cannot forgive an Englishman, or a Scot not of his breed, for even admiring and praising Burns. For instance, Mr. Henley, who has the courage to pick and choose his favourites in Burns's works, happens to admire—

Had we never loved sic kindly,
Had we never loved sic blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had never been broken-hearted.

But he cannot even praise this wonderfully beautiful stanza (which somebody once attributed to Byron) without arousing the Scottish lion. There must be *something* wrong with it, or an Englishman, it seems, could not have praised it. The wrongness is in the word "kindly"; Burns must have taken this word only for the rhyme's sake. "Kindly," it seems, is a tame expression. Anybody might see, surely, that Burns wishes to express the culmination and combination of affection and of passion—the kindness of the one, the blindness of the other, mingled in the same love. "If a god were to come," if Apollo himself were competing with the minstrel, he could not better the phrase, we may think; but no, it must be wrong, an Englishman has spoken well of it! An Englishman or a Scot of the wrong breed cannot even, any more than Shadwell, "deviate into sense" about Burns, if we are to believe the Scottish reviewer. He is really putting a most unflattering limit on Burns's powers when he implicitly maintains that Burns can only be appreciated by one particular sort of angry Scot.

There is another curious heresy into which we fall who are familiar with other works besides those of Burns. It is usually alleged that many of Burns's songs are founded on tradition. The airs are traditional, and it is understood that tradition is responsible for some of the words, phrases, and even stanzas. There is no reason in the world why this should not be so. Allan Ramsay, Allan Cunningham, Scott, and many others used the traditional Scotch songs with great and avowed freedom. Sometimes the old words were thought "indelicate," like those which went with the original air of "Auld Robin Gray"; often they existed in many local variants; when they were printed with the music these variants were variously edited, altered, and combined. People in those days were not so strictly archaeological as collectors try to be now. The result is that we have lost many ancient songs, receiving, in many cases, infinitely better words in their place. Still, the antiquary and even the historian may lament the entire disappearance of many pieces which represented the humours and the life of our ancestors. The original of "Green Grow the Rushes, O," for example, exists, and certainly it does not deserve to be popular. The old song of "Bonny Dundee" has been so lost in Sir Walter's that some Scots appear to have forgotten its existence. Of "Coming Through the Rye," Cunningham says, "I know no song, with the exception of 'Johnie Cope,' which has so many variations. . . . I see that in the Museum a copy containing much that is old is ascribed to Burns. I know not on what authority it is imputed to him. Ignorance has often put my favourite poet into coarse company." There is a particularly charming song, "It was a' for our Rightfu' King," which is now universally attributed to Burns, though Scott believed it to be traditional, and Hogg and Cunningham report that tradition assigned it to Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquharity, a Jacobite of 1688. Cunningham never mentions Burns's name in connection with the poem, though it appears as his in Johnson's "Museum." It is certainly curious that this doubt on the subject should have existed so early. Cunnin'ham "harm" cannot help expressing his sorrow at the imprudence or ignorance of Johnson (the editor of the "Museum") "in adding the name of the great poet to all the hasty verses and amended songs which he so willingly and profusely communicated." Burns, according to Cunningham, had "no particular sympathy for the old simple style of our ballads," as distinguished from our songs. Now this particular song, "It was a' for our Rightfu' King," is in the manner of the ballads, especially where such a ballad formula or commonplace occurs as—

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
With "Alden for evermore, my dear!"
With "Alden for evermore!"

This verse is very unlike the manner of Burns, whatever we may think of the rest of the piece. It was quite safe to say so in 1825, but now it is a kind of minor treason, and you are a Cockney and many other disagreeable things if you venture to express a doubt about Burns's authorship of the

whole song. Cunningham could say what he liked, could say of Burns, "His rapture is without romance, and to the charm of his composition he has not added that of chivalry." Cunningham declines to examine "all the sources from which Burns gathered the materials of song, or to point out fragments which he completed, verses from which he borrowed, or songs which he imitated." If Cunningham could really have done all this, it is a pity that he abstained, for we should have regained much that is lost, and Burns had done nothing that was not perfectly legitimate in the interests of national minstrelsy. Unluckily, Cunningham himself had been a maker of sham antiques in verse, and was so much possessed by the prevalent spirit of sportive literary forgery that better evidence than his would be needed.

His birthday dinners always

revive the old controversy about Burns's private character. It is really difficult to discover what the wild West-land admirers of him want. Either Burns was devoted to Bacchus and Venus, or he was the *fanfaron* of vices that were not his. It seems impossible to evade this dilemma, whereof one prefers the former horn. Someone has asked, in the interests of Burns, for a kind of formal examination of his love affairs and private life. There is nothing to be got by it; a few lasses, more or less (probably many of them ready to sing "What the waur am I?").

can make no difference to our estimate of a character perfectly frank and candid. Then a pother is made about a legend that he caught a fatal cold by falling asleep in the open air after a drinking bout. Even if this were true, it would not affect his character. A man habitually sober is far more likely, as the Ettrick Shepherd demonstrated, to come to ill-fortune, if he is drunk for once, than a habitual sinner. Perhaps nobody will maintain that Burns *never* was drunk. He would have been, in that age, an impossible phoenix of sobriety. But, if he had only once been overcome by drink and the sudden cold of the winter night, that once might have sufficed. The tradition is merely a local tradition. It is absolutely unimportant. If it were true it would show that Burns was unlucky; it would not even raise a presumption that he was in the habit of drinking too much. But, even were that proved, Burns's character, so far, would merely be on the level of his neighbours, gentle and simple. Arguments about such matters may be left to the critics who assert that the "Jolly Beggars" is written in English. It contains the best verses that Burns ever wrote in English, but the mass of it is in the best Scotch he ever wrote. However, perhaps it is only in Glasgow that Scotch and English are really understood, while it was in the *Edinburgh Review* that a critic accused Burns of "elegant hypochondriasm." There exists a sanguine, one might almost say a canny, Scott of letters who has never said one word about Burns. This is true wisdom, unless one enjoys irritating the irritable.

ACROSS THE GREAT GOBI DESERT.

(Continued.)

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

So few incidents worthy of note occurred during the next week, that I will pass over the remainder of the journey



MEETING THE HOMEWARD RUSSIAN HEAVY MAIL IN THE GOBI DESERT.

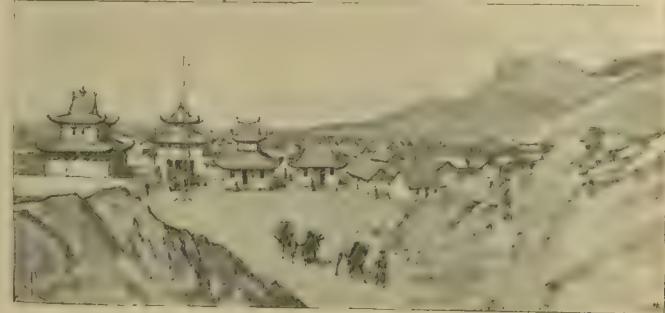
through the Gobi itself: suffice it to say that from one side to the other of it, with the exception of an occasional oasis, its desolate aspect remained unchanged. I might here mention how curiously everything in the desert became charged with electricity: my furs crackled like biscuits when touched.

At length, on May 23, there were signs that we were at last reaching vegetation once more, for grass began to show itself, and in a short time, as though we had passed an invisible line, we were crossing rolling prairies, which were an agreeable change after the stony waste. Just on the confines of the desert we passed the Mongol monastery of Holfer-sum, a curious-looking group of buildings of Tibetan architecture; we were, however, too far away for me to be able to pay it a visit. This was my last glimpse of Mongolia; and it was certainly with no feelings of regret that I bade adieu to the most dreary and wearisome country I have ever visited.

Early the next morning we were in sight of the little Chinese frontier town of Saham-Balhousar, and shortly after drew up outside the station, where we had to change our camels for mules. The long and tedious desert journey was over at last—a journey on which I had anticipated meeting with

difficulties, not to say dangers, considering I was quite alone; but the whole time I was in Mongolia I never had any serious molestation. As a matter of fact, I can only recall one incident which might have had an unpleasant ending, and then, fortunately, I pulled off a successful "bluff" which saved me.

It happened in this way: while on the road from Kiakhta to Ourga in my tarantass, at a "yours" where we halted for our midday rest one day, a large tea caravan, consisting of several hundred carts, was also encamped near the wells, all the oxen were out on the plains, and the drivers, a crowd of some twenty swarthy Bourriats and Mongols, were lounging about smoking and whiling away the time as best they could. My arrival was, of course, quite an event, and although my "yemischik" asked them not to do so, they crowded around



LAMA SETTLEMENT IN THE GOBI DESERT.

me in a very unpleasant manner as soon as I left the tarantass. One may imagine what would be the effect if a Mongol were suddenly to arrive in the midst of a crowd of English roughs; my position was somewhat similar, only with this difference—that no policeman was near, and I had not even my revolver on me at the moment; so I felt instinctively that I should have a very unpleasant time of it unless I managed to score off them somehow. Now was I mistaken, for in a few minutes a sort of Mongol-Bourriats chaff commenced at my expense, although, of course, I understood but very little of what they said. Well, this went on for a little while, during which I was positively hemmed in by the crowd, who would persist in feeling my clothes, and otherwise making me very uncomfortable. My usually small stock of patience was getting exhausted, and I felt "my back getting up." At last I could stand it no longer—the leader of the gang, who had been doing his best to distinguish himself in his attempts at chaff, having asked me several questions in Russian which I did not understand, I told him that I did not understand him, that I spoke but very little Russian. "Ah," said he, imitating my accent, "You don't speak Russian, don't you?" and there was a general roar at his imitative powers. At the same time one of the crowd was violently pushed up against me from behind. This was sufficient, my blood was up; so swinging around my elbows to clear myself some room, I deliberately turned up my cuffs, and going up to the fellow, shook my fist close to his nose, at the same time telling him as well as I could that, although I could not speak Russian, this could equal any language, as I would soon show him if he wanted to try it. My determination had a magical effect, for he retreated a few paces, and, smiling in a sheepish sort of way, replied that he did not understand the "Angliski Boxe," and added something in an undertone to the men around him, at which they all gradually moved off and left me master of the situation. I was not interfered with any more after that—in fact, they did not come near me again. However, *reverous à nos montons*, or rather to the caravan, which is waiting outside the "station" for us to proceed; but, before hurrying on, let us take a short

glance at the quaint little town we are in.

Saham-Balhousar is quite a rising little place, and, although only called a village, is of very respectable dimensions. It was my first glimpse of China proper, for though some distance from the Great Wall, it is thoroughly Chinese in character. Indeed, I may say that it impressed me much more favourably than many places I passed through in China; the style of its buildings also struck me very much, for they were quite distinct from anything I had as yet seen, and had an Oriental appearance in the bright sunlight.

It was here that I first saw that most hideous of mutilations, the small foot of the Chinese woman. The custom of crippling their female infants is, I believe, gradually dying out, and slowly but surely the Manchurian shoe is coming more into use. To see the wretched women hobbling about on their high heels is, I fancy, more painful to the European beholder than it is to the people themselves, who have, doubtless, become quite accustomed to their crippled condition. I have a pair of shoes belonging to a full-grown woman, and they only measure three inches in length! The highest class of Chinese ladies are absolutely unable to walk about at all, on account of the smallness of their feet.

ACROSS THE GREAT GOBI DESERT.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



CARAVAN TRAVELLING IN THE GOBI DESERT.

It was in Saham-Balhousar that I had for the first time a real glimpse of what over-population means; although I had, of course, often heard of the teeming millions of China, I had never until then really formed any accurate idea of what that meant. This first Chinese town I visited opened my eyes, for I saw everywhere such crowds of people and children that I could not help wondering where they all managed to live in the village, and the curious part of it was how much they all resembled one another; they all seemed part of one huge family. The children throughout China were amazing, and quite pictures in themselves.

Our caravan drew up in the courtyard of the house, and the baggage was transferred from the camels to several curious-looking carts, built expressly for the road through the mountain pass to Kalgan, a distance of about sixty miles. It was well on in the afternoon by the time our preparations were complete, and we were ready to start again. I forgot to mention that my cart still remained with us, though it was now only a camel "telega" in name, for, instead of a "ship of the desert," two diminutive mules were harnessed tandem fashion in the shafts. The mail carts were drawn by mules and donkeys harnessed together anyhow; it was certainly a grotesque procession, and one scarcely worthy of so high-sounding an appellation as the "Heavy Russian Mail," and very out of place did the Cossacks with their official caps look, seated on the top of the heap of heterogeneous baggage. Although there is no visible boundary-line between Mongolia and China, the difference was manifest immediately we left Saham-Balhousar; on all sides were small hamlets scattered about the plain, while the country was laid out in plantations and fields, which appeared to be teeming with industrious peasants. It was a very different scene from anything met with over the border among the lazy Mongols.

Towards the evening the plains ahead of us were walled in by what appeared to be a line of low, rocky hills. In vain I looked for the magnificent mountain range which I had been told encompassed Kalgan, and over the summit of which the Great Wall winds its immense length; yet we were certainly near enough, I thought, for any really high mountains to be visible now, but nothing at all like a mountain was in sight. It was getting dusk, and the moon rising, when we reached the confines of the plain and began to descend a hill. After proceeding for some little time, I noticed, quite by accident, that the moon, which was at its full and shining gloriously in a cloudless sky, was becoming gradually obscured. We were evidently going to witness an eclipse, and just at a time when we wanted as much light as possible to help us to pick our way among the boulders with which the track was encumbered. Much to the dismay of our drivers, it grew darker and darker, until at last not a speck of light was left even to indicate where the brilliant orb had recently been, and our Chinamen of their own accord halted the caravan, and bowed themselves repeatedly to the earth, muttering prayers and incantations. It was so weird and supernatural an effect that it made me almost think I was in a dream. This idea was, however, soon dispelled, for the road was so steep and rocky, and the path so narrow, that we all had to walk and lend a hand at getting the wagons through.

I then suddenly remembered that the whole plateau of Mongolia is more than five thousand feet above the sea, so we were before almost level with the tops of the mountains which form the northern boundary of China. This, then, was the rocky range of hills we had been approaching during the evening; we were now, therefore, on our way down into the Celestial Empire. As we gradually descended, the granite cliffs and peaks loomed up higher and higher around us, and

so dark was the night that, at times, it became positively dangerous to advance owing to the obscurity and the numerous precipices along the edge of which the track lay. The moon remained hidden for nearly two hours, till just as dawn showed signs of breaking, when she began to appear once more, to the evident relief of our followers. Half-way down, at the end of the worst bit, we halted for a couple of hours to have a rest and feed the animals, and I felt so knocked up after my long and rough walk, or rather climb, that I immediately fell into a deep sleep, from which I only awoke just as we were starting again.

It was now broad daylight and a lovely morning, so lovely, in fact, that it would require the pen of a poet to convey any idea of the glorious sunrise in that remote mountain pass. We were now but a short distance from Kalgan, but the track was so rough that our progress was very slow, for we were still descending through a sort of gorge which looked like the old bed of a river. The scenery at times appeared magnificent; still, even in these wild and uninviting surroundings, the ever-energetic Celestials had seized on every available spot, and high up the almost precipitous sides of the mountains one could see here and there little patches of cultivation, which in places were so numerous as to form what looked like terraces on the side of the precipices, each plot being surrounded by a miniature wall. Certainly, one's first impressions of the Chinese, especially when coming from Mongolia, are such as to make one absolutely admire their marvellous energy and industry; this impression is, however, somewhat modified later by more intimate knowledge of the people. One of the quaintest sights I think I have ever seen was in this pass when we reached a little village of which I forgot the name, and which was built right on the face of the mountain itself. The effect of the tiny houses perched right away up in mid-air, with a glimpse of the blue-coated inhabitants dotted here and there like dolls, was quite unique. The awful state of the road over which I was being bumped to pieces somewhat marred, however, my appreciation of the scenery through which we were passing.

We were now quite close to our destination, and the traffic around us increased every moment; in a short time a turn in



MID-DAY HALT IN THE GOBI DESERT.



A LAMA IN THE GOBI DESERT.

the road showed me the welcome sight of a big cluster of houses. This was Yambooshan, a suburb of Kalgan, where lived the Russian tea-merchants, to one of whom I had a letter of introduction. My journey across the "Great Hungry Desert" was accomplished, and I was once more within touch of civilisation.



THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA: PEASANTS BEGGING IN THE TOWNS OF KAZAN.

A BORROWED SOVEREIGN.

Jim lent me a sovereign. He was working hard to make his home, and was saving every penny. However, I took it, for I was really in sore straits. If you have ever known what it is absolutely to need a sovereign, when you have neither banking account nor employment, and your dress clothes are no longer accessible for the last, you will be in a position to understand the transfiguring properties of one small piece of gold. You leave your friend's rooms a different man. Like the virtuous *... in the world round*, you go in a beggar and come out a prince. To vary Carlyle's phrase—you can, pray for dinners, you can call hansom, you can take stalls; in fact, you are a prince—to the extent of a sovereign.

And oh! how woefully does the world seem to nestle round you—the same world that was so cold and haughty ten minutes ago!

The gaslights seem beaming love at you. So near and bright the streets are, you want to stay out in them all night; though you didn't relish the prospect last evening. O sweet, sweet siren London, with your golden voice—I have a sovereign!

This, of course, was but the first rich impulse. The sovereign should really be kept for the lodgings. But the snug little oyster-shops about Booksellers' Row are so tempting, and there is nothing like oysters to give one courage to face that giant oyster spoken of by Ancient Pistol.

I went in. I assured my conscience that it should only be "Anglo-Portuguese," and that I would forego the roll and butter. But "Anglos" are not nice, Dutch are in every way to be preferred; and if you are paying eighteenpence you might as well pay three shillings, and what's the use of drawing the line at a roll and butter? No! we will repeat after the roll and butter. "Roll and butter" shall be my Ebenezer. The "r's" have a notorious mnemonic quality. They will help me to remember.

So I sat down, and fondling my sovereign in my pocket, fell into a dream. When the oysters came I wished they had been "Anglos" after all, because my dream had grown beautiful and troublesome, and I had really forgotten the oysters altogether. However, I ate them mechanically, and ordering another half-dozen, so that the manager should not be grieved me my seat, I turned again to my dream.

A young girl sat in a dainty room, writing at a quaint old escritoire, lit by candle in shining brass candlesticks. She had a sweet blonde English face, but more character in it than usually falls to the lot of the English girl. There was experience in the sensitive refinement of her face, a silver touch of suffering; not wasting experience or bitter suffering, but just enough to refine—she had waited. But she had been bravely happy all the time.

Pretty books filled a shelf above her escritoire, and between the candlesticks was a photograph in a filigreed silver frame. To and fro she looked every now and then, in the pauses of her writing, with a happy, trustful expression of quiet love. During one pause she noticed that her little clock pointed to 8.30. "Jim will just be going on," she said to herself. Yes, that photograph was "Jim."

A quaint little face it was, full of sweet wrinkles, and yet like a boy's face. The wrinkles, you could see, were but so many threads of gold which happy laughter had left there. Siss called him her Punchinello, likewise her poet, for Jim is one of those poets who makes his poetry of his own bright face and body, acts it night after night to an audience, and the people laugh and cry as he plays, for his face is like a bubbling spring, full of laughing eddies on the surface, but ever so deep with sweet freshness beneath—and somewhat sight of the deeps. The world knows him as a comedian. Siss knows him as a poet, and because she knows what loving tender tears are in him as well as his laughter, she calls him her Punchinello.

This is what she was writing: "How near our home seems now, Jimmie boy! Every night as you go on—and you are just going on now—I feel our home draw nearer: and, do you know, all this week our star has seemed to grow brighter and brighter. Can you see it in London? It comes out here about six o'clock, first very pale, like a dream, and then fuller and fuller as it warms and warms. Sometimes I say that it is the sovereigns we are putting into the bank that make it so much brighter; and I am sure it was brighter after that last ten pounds. . . . You are laughing at me, aren't you? Never mind. You can be just as silly. Dear, dear, funny little face!"

I had reached just so far in my dream when the oysters came, and that is why I wished I had ordered "Anglos" and no roll.

When I looked again, Siss had stopped writing, and was sitting with her head in her hands dreaming. I looked into her eyes, felt ashamed for a moment, and then stepped into her dream. I felt I was not worthy to walk there, but I took off my hat and told myself that I was reverent.

It was a pretty flat, full of dainty rooms, and I followed her from one to another, and one there was just like that in which I had seen her writing, with the old escritoire, and the books, and the burning candles, and the silver photograph shrine. She walked very wistfully about, and her eyes were full. So were mine, and I wanted to sob, but feared lest she should hear. Presently Jim joined her, and they walked together, and said to each other, "Think, this is our home at last." "Think, this is our home at last. O love, our home— together for evermore!"

This they said many times, and at length they came to a room that had a door white as ivory, and I caught a breath of freshest flowers as they opened and passed in.

Then I closed my eyes, and when I looked again I thought an angel stood on the threshold, as I had seen it somewhere in Victor Hugo—a happy angel with finger upon his lip.

And when the dream had gone, and I was once more alone, I said: "Jim is working, Siss is waiting, and I am—eating borrowed oysters."

Then I took out the sovereign and looked at it, for it was now symbolic. Outside, above the street, a star was shining. I had litched a beam of Siss's star. Was it less bright to-night? Had she missed this sovereign?

It had been symbolic before—a sovereign's-worth of the world, the flesh, and the devil; now it was a sovereign's-worth of holy love and home. Every penny I spent of it dimmed that star, delayed that home. In my pocket it meant a sovereign's-worth more working and waiting. Pay it back again into that star, and it was a sovereign nearer home. Yes, it was a sovereign's-worth of that flat, of that escritoire, those books, those burning candles, that photograph, that ivory-white door, those sweet-smelling flowers, a sovereign's-worth of that angel, I was keeping in my pocket.

Out on it! God forgive me. I had not thought it meant that to borrow a sovereign of Jim, meant that to eat those borrowed oysters. Nevertheless, they had not been all an immoral indulgence. Even oysters may be the instruments of virtue in the hands of Providence.

The shopman knew me, so I confounded it and told him I had come out without my purse. It was all right. Pay next time. Jim's theatre was close by—it was but a stone's-

throw to the stage-door. Easy to leave him a note. What will he think, I wonder, as he reads it, and the sovereign rolls out: "Dear old man, forgive me—I forgot it was a sovereign's-worth of home."

Yet, after all, it was the oysters that did this thing.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

MASTERS OF THE HUNTS.

L.—SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART.,
WYNNSTAY, RHUABON.

The Mastership of the Wynnstai Hounds has been in the present baronet's family since 1844, when the late Sir Watkin, on leaving the Life Guards, assumed it—Squire Leche of Carden having retired—and held the post to the day of his death—forty-one years, with one break, and that was in 1853, when he went abroad after the disastrous fire, when Wynnstai was almost entirely destroyed. During Sir Watkin's absence the late Lord Combermere hunted the country, with a subscription for the one season, 1853-9.

An interesting memento of this fire is now at Wynnstai: it is a lifesize picture presented to the late baronet as "a token of sympathy and esteem." It represents Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynn, his well-known black pony, and famous stud-horse Royal, and was painted by Sir Francis Grant.

The present kennels were built in 1841 by the late Sir Watkin, and are at Wynnstai, one mile from Rhuabon. Previous to this they were at Lightwood. In 1848 John Walker, from the "Fife," came as huntsman, and during his eighteen years' service made the name of the Wynnstai Hounds famous both in the field and on the flags, the leading kennels of the day being eager to obtain some of Royal's blood. Walker retired in 1866, at the age of seventy, and was succeeded by Charles Payne, from the "Pritchley," who kept up the excellent sport of his predecessor; and while he was huntsman the Empress of Austria came to stay at Combermere, and hunted with these hounds two seasons—1860-1 and 1861-2. Her Imperial Majesty was piloted by Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, one of the finest riders of the day, and she also paid a visit to the Wynnstai kennels. Charles Payne was very popular, and on his retirement, after seventeen years' service, was presented with



SIR W. W. WYNN, BART.

the handsome sum of £1200 by his admirers. Frank Goodall, from the "Meath," followed him, and carried the horn for two seasons—1863-4 and 1864-5.

One of the last actions of the late Sir Watkin with regard to the hounds was to engage William Lockey, from the "Worcestershire" as huntsman, and he still holds the post.

The present Sir Watkin Williams Wynn succeeded his uncle, the late baronet, as Master of the Wynnstai Hounds in 1883, and is universally said to be one of the most popular men in the country—of lavish hospitality, an enthusiastic and daring sportsman, and spares neither trouble nor expense to keep up the traditions of the kennels, as will be clearly shown. The first year of his Mastership he strengthened his pack by buying the pack of the Earl of Ferres, and in 1889 he still further increased it by purchasing half the late Lord Portsmouth's celebrated pack, the other half going to Beaumont. Sir Watkin himself defrays the whole of the expenses of the kennels, and feels himself well rewarded by the excellent sport of the last two seasons, which augurs brilliantly for the future. He is considered to be one of the most capable and indefatigable of Masters, and is a universal favourite in the country.

It may be interesting to give a brief sketch of a few good runs during the last few years—

Dec. 16, 1887.—Found in Morrall's Dingles. Ran by the Erway, on through the Duke's Woods and Gredington, past Bettisfield, and lost close to Bronington: two hours—a nine-mile point.

Jan. 25, 1888.—Found in Carden Cliff. Ran a fast forty minutes, past Handley Gorse and to Saighton Gorse, and killed.

Dec. 1, 1888.—Found in Fenns. Ran by Blackhoe, through Babney, over Grindley Brook, through Tushingham, past Barnmere and Hampton, and killed at foot of Cheshire Hills: 1h. 20 min.

Dec. 27, 1889.—Found in Largess. Ran by Grafton and Castleton, past Mrs. Leche's gorse, to right of Royalty, through Aldersey Park, and past Handley, and killed at Hatton Hall: 1h. 35 min.

Feb. 20, 1891.—From Crewe Gorse by Grafton, &c. Exactly same line as above up to Hatton Hall, ran on past Saighton, and stopped at dark within two miles of Chester.

Nov. 16, 1891.—From Largess. Ran past Chorlton and Cherry Hill, through the Wyches, on by Tybroughton, and killed close to Icseed Church: 53 min.

The Hunt uniform is a red coat, buttons engraved with cross foxes; evening dress: scarlet coat with buff facings. The ladies of the Hunt wear buff waistcoats, and buff collars on their habits.

IN A CHURCH ARMY LABOUR HOME.

A cold dark morning, and the dawn is not yet breaking over the Edgware Road as a loud bell clangs below summons a number of sleepers in the Church Army Labour Home to another day's work. Lying still upon my back, I watch the men of varied histories and chequered careers as they rapidly and silently, but with good heart and cheer, dress themselves beneath the flaming gas jet. A few minutes more and they have passed from the room to their work below, some to chopping wood, others to cleaning the hall, a third party to prepare the breakfast. I follow the majority to the cellar, lofty, well lit, and comfortable, in which they are chopping up and putting into bundles vast quantities of firewood. Some of the men work with amazing skill. One or two told me that they could chop and make up six hundred bundles a day, thereby earning from 11s. to 12s. per week over and above the six shillings charged them for their board and lodging. These men are, of course, exceptionally clever hands at this kind of work. Falling into conversation with some of the poor fellows, I learned something of their histories. One man had been a solicitor in a good practice in a large cathedral town, another had been a stockbroker, a third for many years had acted as secretary to a large religious society. In most cases drink or illness had cast them into the very depths, from which Mr. Wilson Carlile, the head of the Church Army, and his assistants, by means of these Labour Homes, are so earnestly striving to rescue them. Just after half-past seven, the men struck off work, hurried up to their bed-rooms, carefully folded back their mattresses, and generally tidied up the room, in which ten or twelve men are easily accommodated, and then came down to prayers in the little chapel, prayers which were led by the Church Army captain in charge of the home. It was curious to note how very heartily these fellows, many of them drawn from the very dregs of society, joined in the singing of the hymns and the loud amens. The quality and quantity of the breakfast provided astonished me. Bacon, bread and butter, hot tea—what more could hungry men desire? I am bound to add that many of them spoke in withering contempt of the food and accommodation, and the harsh—almost brutal—treatment they had met with in the Salvation Army Labour Homes, and which contrasted painfully with their present experiences. On this, however, neither their officers nor I allowed them to dwell. After breakfast to work cheerily again, whilst I accompanied the two casual ward captains to their inspection of the poor creatures whom they had discovered in the casual wards throughout the length and breadth of the Metropolis. They go on the principle so strongly advocated by Mr. Arnold White, that only the *raizable* shall be dealt with; those who, though sunk in the veriest sloughs of despond, are yet not without hope, energy, and determination to avail themselves of the one more chance afforded them by these good men. Ah! what a sight that dreadful group presented as it stood there waiting in the hall!

One poor fellow, indescribably filthy, whose rags were held together by one button and a piece of string, with neither shoes nor stockings to his feet, and an old copy of the *Daily Telegraph* as his feeble attempt at a shirt, told me he had been a solicitor's clerk, but that ill-health and constant misfortune had resulted in his present evil condition. Another pleasant-faced young man had been a doctor: drink was his ruin. A third was a mason, long out of employ; whilst a fourth had been a member of a street band. These poor fellows were put through their facings in an incomparably rapid manner by the kind and experienced officers sent to Headquarters, provided with a ticket of admission, bathed from head to foot, in splendid baths of hot water whilst their clothes were baked in sulphur, set to work at wood-chopping, given a good meal, and inspired with a hope and courage to which they had long been strangers.

Seated with them at their dinner, which consisted of hot soup, and plenty of it, meat, vegetables, and pudding—a far better meal, I assure them, than many City clerks could afford themselves. I gathered from their very outspoken remarks that they could find little or no fault with their present surroundings. The only thing to which they objected was being compelled to attend the evening meeting three times a week. This none of them appeared to like or appreciate. And, indeed, to a layman it seems now and again that the clerical and religious element is a little too much and too frequently in evidence. The Church Army official justifies this, however, by the assertion that their method is to reach as much as possible from within outwards: to purify and elevate the soul, whilst doing all that is possible for the temporal and physical welfare of their protégés. And their idea is a right one, though, as a friend, I would warn them lest they commit the mistake that is so common in the Salvation Army—"Elevators," wherein, though General Booth, whose work in many respects is beyond all praise of mine, has pledged his word that no man shall be compelled to attend religious services, and yet wherein, as a matter of fact, attendance, according to the writer of a striking article in the *Times*, is *compulsory*. The fair in the ordinary lay mind is that this enforcement of religion may tend to a certain amount of cant and hollowness on the part of the men themselves. With regard to the usefulness of these homes in helping men in search of work, I would say a word. The Rev. Mr. Chambers, the central secretary, recently stated to an interviewer that they were ready to keep a man till he got a situation, which, as a rule, he secured without much delay. My own inquiries, however, led me to a diametrically opposite opinion. It appeared to me, from what I was told by the men themselves, that in many cases the very fact of their applying from these homes was against them, while in other cases the lack of good clothing militated against all chance of success. Mr. Carlile begged me to pass on a universal appeal that those who could do so would send their excess clothing to the Church Army headquarters.

The following statistics as to the subsequent career of the first hundred men who passed through the Labour Homes will enable the reader to arrive at a fairly accurate opinion as to the value of these homes—

37 passed through and obtained situations.

8 went out to look for work, and did not return.

3 were received back by their friends.

10 were placed in convalescent homes.

20 promising men still left in homes completing their training.

22 were dismissed for drunkenness, idleness, or theft.

100

It is the hope of the Church Army—a hope that is daily appearing in realization—that these Labour Homes, worked in partnership in connection with the Church Army stations, will eventually be established all over the country. Of all stations, this one, which is being worked with the cordial sympathy and support of the Charity Organisation Society, is the most likely to succeed in the rest of the country. The Salvation Army end avails to purify and elevate the masses in a lump; the Church Army wisely and gently deals with the individual.

B.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 9, 1887), with two codicils (dated Nov. 18, 1889, and Aug. 25, 1890), of Miss Katherine Stewart Forbes, late of Chester House, Wimbledon, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Jan. 23 by George Stewart Forbes, the nephew, Alexander Forbes Tweedie, and Richard Walter Tweedie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £126,000. The testatrix bequeaths two pictures—an "Italian Warrior," supposed to be by Tintoretto, and three children by Stothard—to the National Gallery; a diamond tiara to her great-nephew Sir Charles Stewart Forbes, for life, and then to be held as an heirloom by his successors in the baronetcy; £10,000, upon trust, for her said great-nephew, for life, and then for his first or only son; certain stocks, representing the accumulated income to which she was entitled of the residuary estate of her late brother, James Stewart Forbes, and amounting to upwards of £20,000, to her great-nephews, the said Sir Charles Stewart Forbes, Bart., and James Stewart Forbes, in equal shares; and there are bequests to other of her relatives and to servants. As to the residue of her estate, she leaves one third to her said nephew, George Stewart Forbes, and two thirds, upon trust, for the said Sir Charles Stewart Forbes, for life, and then for his first or only son.

The will (dated April 3, 1889), with one codicil (dated June 9, 1890), of Frederick Richards Leyland, the well-known Liverpool shipowner, late of Woolton Hall, near Liverpool, and 19, Prince's Gate, South Kensington, has been proved by the trustees and executors, John Edward Gray Hill, of Liverpool, solicitor, and the testator's daughters, Florence Prinsep, the wife of Valentine Cameron Prinsep, A.R.A., and Elinor Speed, the wife of Elmer Speed. The value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom is sworn to amount to £916,153 10s. 10d. The testator declares that, having made other provision for his wife, he makes no further provision for her. He releases his son, Frederick Dawson Leyland, and his daughter, then Elinor Leyland, from the payment of any balance that might be due from them at the time of his death in respect of certain shares in companies owning steam-ships managed by his firm. He gives a legacy of £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter Elinor Leyland and her children, but directs that in the event of his making any settlement on the marriage of such daughter the sum so settled is to be deducted from her legacy. He gives a legacy of £20,000 to his grandson, Francis Herbert Leyland Stevenson Hamilton, a son of his deceased daughter Fanny Stevenson Hamilton, such legacy to be in addition to another sum of £20,000 which his grandson will receive under his mother's marriage settlement. There are some other legacies, and his residuary real and personal estate, including all his pictures, furniture, and effects at Prince's Gate and Woolton Hall, and all his interest in shipping, he leaves, upon trust, to be divided equally between his son, Frederick Dawson Leyland, and his daughters, Florence Prinsep and Elinor Speed.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1885), with two codicils (dated May 24, 1887, and Nov. 18, 1890), of Sir Arthur James Ruggge-Price, Bart., late of 54, Ennismore Gardens, who died on Jan. 5, was proved on Feb. 1 by Sir Charles Ruggge-Price, Bart., the son, Irving Frederick de Rougemont, and Henry Pott, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £97,000. The testator bequeaths certain jewellery and plate to be held as heirlooms by his said son; the remainder of his jewellery to his wife, for life, and then to his daughters; his horses, carriages, ornamental china, with the cabinets and books, with the bookcases, to his said

son, the remainder of his furniture and effects to his wife, for life; £100 to the Ladies' Charity School (Powis House, Powis Gardens, Notting Hill); £10,000 to each of his daughters, Catherine Sarah Ruggge-Price and Alice Elizabeth Ruggge-Price; £8000 to each of his daughters, Mrs. Mary Ruggge de Rougemont and Mrs. Augusta Rosina Moore, and he directs that at his wife's death the fortune of each of his daughters, with the said legacies and what they will be entitled to under his marriage settlement, is to be made up to £12,000. Certain properties, stocks, and shares are to be set aside, and the income paid for the benefit of his wife. His freehold property at Eastbourne and Notting Hill he specifically gives to his son; and there are some other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son, Charles.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1885), with a codicil (dated March 19, 1891), of Mr. Charles Nicholas Cole, late of 6, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 20, was proved on Jan. 23 by John Cole, the son, Frederick Townsend Procter, and Henry Wakeham Purkis, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Solicitors' Benevolent Institution Widows' Fund and St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; £40 to the Law Clerks' Society; the furniture and effects at his residence (except some articles given to his son) to his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Chidley; his leasehold residence and £20,000, upon trust, for his said daughter; £20,000, upon trust, for his son John; £1000 to each of his grandchildren, Cyril Ernest Chidley, Harold Rock Chidley, Arthur Richard Chidley, Evelyn Cole, Olive Cole, and Charles Cole; and legacies and annuities to sisters and other relatives and servants. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1891) of Mr. Charles Cardwell, late of Ashley Place, Victoria Street, Westminster, and of Ellerbeck Hall, Lancashire, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Jan. 29 by Admiral Sir Edward Gennys Fanshawe, G.C.B., the Right Hon. Henry, Baron Thring, K.C.B., and Evelyn Leighton Fanshawe, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £57,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to his nephew Edward Cardwell Fanshawe and his niece Alice Eliza Jane Fanshawe, £2000 to his nephew Evelyn Leighton Fanshawe, £1000 to his niece Katherine Anne Thring, and the residue of his personal estate to his nephews Evelyn Leighton Fanshawe and Arthur Dalrymple Fanshawe, in equal shares. Certain freehold property in Lincolnshire and an annual payment of £520 arising out of property at Glasgow he gives to his sister Elizabeth, Lady Thring. The remainder of his real estate he leaves to his sister Jane, Lady Fanshawe, for life, then to her husband, the said Admiral Sir E. G. Fanshawe, for life, then as to part thereof for his said nephew Evelyn Leighton Fanshawe, and as to the other part for his said nephew Arthur Dalrymple Fanshawe.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1888) of Mr. Benjamin Whippy Garrard, late of the Haymarket, silversmith, and of East Heath, Wokingham, Berks, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Jan. 21 by Mrs. Blanche Garrard, the widow; Sebastian Garrard, the son; and William Resbury Few, the nephew, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator bequeaths a silver tankard, a Chippendale bookcase, and a tea-caddy to his said son; the remainder of his bookcases, books, pictures, plate, and plated articles to his wife, for life; his furniture and household effects, wines, stores, horses and carriages, to his wife; and £300 to his wife and £100 to each of his other executors. The

residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow; and, in the event of her marrying again, one-fourth of the income is to be paid to her. Subject thereto, the residue is to be held, upon further trusts, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1891) of Miss Caroline Mary Curry, late of Brierton House, Charlton Kings, Gloucestershire, who died on Dec. 21, was proved on Jan. 26 by Miss Maria Louise Curry, the niece, William John Curry, the nephew, and Richard Edmund Hilary Fisher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testatrix bequeaths £4000, upon trust, for her nephew Robert Douglas Curry; £5000, upon trust, for her niece Maria Louise Curry; £5000 to each of her nieces Mary Curry and Amy Sophia Curry; and other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her nieces Maria Louise Curry and Mary Curry.

The will (dated March 1889) of Miss Emma Jane Beaumont, late of 2, Upper East Hayes, Bath, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on Jan. 23 by Thomas Lockey Forman Beaumont and Arthur John Beaumont, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to the Association for the Sale of Ladies' Work at Bath and the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her sister, Abigail Rebecca Beaumont.

The will (dated May 1, 1891) of the Rev. William Francis Lanfear, late of Badenweiler, Eastfield Park, Weston-super-Mare, who died on Dec. 27, was proved on Jan. 23 by Charles Lanfear, the brother, William Burbidge Tanner, and Thomas Lanfear, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £800 each to the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £350 each to Wycombe Hall (Oxford) and Dean Close's Memorial School (Cheltenham), to found prizes in connection with the said institutions; £100 to the churchwardens of Weston-super-Mare, upon trust, for investment, the dividends to be applied in connection with the expenses of the said church; £4000 to his cousin Arthur Herbert Lanfear; £1000 to his cousin Thomas Lanfear; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one third of the income to his brother Charles, and two thirds to his brother Thomas, for their respective lives, and subject thereto, upon further trusts, for his niece, Mary Barton Viereck Lanfear.

The Oxford City Council, on Feb. 3, discussed the recommendation of its General Purposes Committee to grant a site in Broad Street for the memorial statue of the late Cardinal Newman. It was opposed by the Provost of Queen's College, representing thirteen Heads of Colleges, including New College, Balliol, St. John's, Lincoln, Oriel, Corpus, All Souls, Brasenose, Wadham, and Pembroke, and other members of the University. An amendment was then moved by Alderman Buckell, Deputy Mayor, consenting to grant a site, but not committing the Town Council to the site in Broad Street. This view ultimately prevailed; a special committee was appointed to select another site in the town, conferring with the Duke of Norfolk and the subscribers for the memorial statue.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Mr. Spurgeon lived so much in the eye of the public, and spoke so frankly in his sermons and articles of the events of his life, that the numerous reminiscences published during the last few days have added little to what was already known. The most wonderful thing about him was his maturity, the sermons published when he was little more than a boy being quite as remarkable as the latest that appeared under his name. The *Athenaeum* is absurdly wrong in saying that "Mr. Spurgeon was the first, or, rather, his publishers were, to think of printing sermons from the shorthand writer's notes and issuing them one by one." So far is this from being true that "Penny Pulpits" flourished thickly in his early days. But he is the only man who has proved himself capable of maintaining such a periodical for more than thirty years.

Mr. Spurgeon's gains from authorship were very large, so large that probably no living author came near him in pecuniary prosperity. His monthly magazine, which, curiously enough, is very much favoured by the advertisers of patent medicines, his sermons, the volumes of which were being continually reprinted, his exposition of the Psalms, his "John Ploughman" publications, and his innumerable minor works were all popular. None of them ever, so far as I know, went out of print.

It was rumoured, indeed, by those in a position to know, that he lived solely by his publications, and spent his income from the Tabernacle on charitable objects. But the secrets of the Tabernacle were well kept: it was not without reason that Mr. Spurgeon went by the name of the "Governor." In a sense he was a bad organiser; he found it difficult to work with others on a footing of equality, and never succeeded in his attempt to form a new society when he left the Baptist Union. But, give him his own way, and he was fertile and unwearied in his schemes for good. To the last he acted with perfect independence, asserting his will in everything, and confident of resuming his place.

There is no doubt that Bright's disease of the kidneys, to which he succumbed, was at work long before it was suspected. He had for years suffered from gout, and continued to do so. The combination was formidable, and doubtless accounted for much that wounded his friends in the last years of his life. He himself confessed in the latest number of his magazine that the separation from his brethren had almost cost him his life. It was painful in many ways, but mainly in this, that he found himself almost without support. He had much overestimated the extent of his own influence, and was deeply pained to find that "modern thought" had gone very much further among his own men than he had imagined. This led him to view the Church of England more sympathetically. In a letter I have seen he described the Congregational body as, "in the main, non-evangelical," and the terms in which he spoke of his own co-religionists are well known. This lessened, if it did not altogether destroy, his zeal for Disestablishment.

Mr. Spurgeon was not an ascetic. He enjoyed his beautiful home, which, by the way, was once inhabited by Mr. George Stiff, the proprietor of the *London Journal*, which had then a circulation of half a million. Prebendaries Rogers tells how, when he entertained Dean Stanley and Mr. Spurgeon to dinner, the former somewhat condescendingly offered to drive his Nonconformist brother as far as Westminster. To this Mr. Spurgeon quietly replied that his own carriage was waiting, and it proved a much more splendid

equipage than the Dean's. He was never seen abroad on foot, though he walked in his own grounds, but almost daily took long drives in the beautiful neighbourhood of his home. He was a warm lover of Surrey, and at one period would often seize a few days of quiet in one of its villages, staying at the homely inn of the place.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Marquis of Bute, K.T., to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Bute.

Colonel Edis has prepared for the entire restoration of that part of Sandringham House which was recently destroyed and damaged by fire. In addition to this several new rooms will be constructed. The work has already been begun by a local builder.

The Governorship of New Zealand, from which the Earl of Onslow retires, is to be held by the Earl of Glasgow. His lordship, the Right Hon. David Boyle, seventh earl, is fifty-eight years of age, and is a retired captain of the Royal Navy. He succeeded his cousin, the late earl, a year or two ago.

A scientific mountaineering exhibition, conducted by Mr. W. M. Conway, accompanied by the Hon. C. G. Bruce, with an artist, a naturalist, and Swiss Alpine guides, has gone out, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society and of the Royal Society to Central Asia to explore the glaciers of the Karakoram range, between Baltistan, Kashmir, and Eastern Turkestan.

Considerable surprise was caused the other morning in the southern quarters of Berlin by the presence of the Emperor and two of his little sons in one of the streets leading to the military drill-ground in the Hasenheide. His Majesty had been desirous of witnessing shooting practice by the troops of the Berlin garrison, and left the palace quite unattended, proceeding on foot to the drill-ground with his two boys, each of whom he held by the hand.

Her Majesty has been pleased to approve the appointment of Sir Walter Sendall, K.C.M.G., now Governor of Barbados, to be High Commissioner of Cyprus, on the retirement from that office in March next of Sir Henry Bulwer, G.C.M.G.; also of Sir James Hay, K.C.M.G., now Governor of Sierra Leone, to be Governor of Barbados; and of Sir Francis Fleming, K.C.M.G., Colonial Secretary of Hong Kong, to be Governor of Sierra Leone.

On Feb. 5 the Prince of Wales, Prince George, and Lord Lorne drove from Osborne to Atherfield, where they inspected the scene of the wreck of the *Eider*. The Prince of Wales congratulated the secretary and coxswains of the Atherfield, Brooke, and Brightstone life-boats on the good work which had been accomplished under such difficult circumstances. The royal party drove all the way from Osborne, changing horses at Newport.

The promoters of the underground railway from Hampstead to Charing Cross, with a branch to King's Cross, have deposited their plans and estimates to get a Bill passed this Session. The main line would be four miles and a half long, and there would be a subway connecting it with the Charing Cross Station of the South-Eastern Railway; the St. Pancras branch would be similarly connected with the Great Northern. The estimated total cost is rather above one million and a quarter sterling.

Mr. John Samuel Cooper, the Englishman who some time ago was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment and 3000*fl.*

fine as being a spy, would have done better not to appeal against that judgment. French Courts of Appeal have power, when revising sentences, to increase or reduce them according to the evidence brought before them. On the second trial further proofs of illegal acts were given by the witnesses called in support of the prosecution, and Mr. Cooper's term of imprisonment was increased to two years.

The Duke of Devonshire took his seat in the House of Lords on Feb. 9. After taking the oath and subscribing the roll, the Duke occupied a seat at the lower end of the front Opposition bench, having the companionship of the Earl of Derby on the one side and Earl Spencer on the other. As usual on such occasions, there was a large array of ladies in the galleries reserved for peers, all being clad in deep mourning. Among them were the Marchioness of Salisbury and Lady Gwendolen Cecil, Jane Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of Portland, and the Duchess of Manchester.

It is understood (says the *World*) that the Garter which became vacant on the death of the Duke of Cleveland will be given away in a few days, and it is full time for this stall in St. George's Chapel to be filled up, considering that it has now been empty for nearly six months. The Dukes of Buccleuch and Abercorn were the original favourites for the Garter, but the claims of the Duke of Fife and of Lord Bath have latterly been strongly urged. The Duke of Cleveland's insignia have been returned to the Lord Chamberlain, as the Queen only grants an audience for the delivery of the Garter paraphernalia when the deceased knight leaves a near relation to succeed to his honours.

A revolution in Persia seems almost an impossibility. Yet, if rumour speaks true, such a thing might very well happen. The Persians, it would seem, are incensed against their rulers, and the Mollahs, or priests, are siding with them. The extortions practised on the Persians by the officials have become intolerable, and a popular rising would be a very awkward thing, as the army, which is badly paid and discontented, could not in such an emergency be relied upon. It is satisfactory to know, however, that the Europeans are, at least for the present, in no danger. At the same time, the situation of the country is critical, and, such being the case, it will be necessary to watch carefully the course of events in Persia, and Great Britain has too many interests in that country to remain indifferent to a possible struggle, which might bring about a change in the Government.

Some antiquarian amateurs of the romantic lyrical poetry and music of the Middle Ages may find an interest in the recent appearance of a Welsh bard, "Amgeniad Ellan," as a visitor to the Fêtes de Noël, or Christmas assembly, of the Catalonian troubadours still practising their art in the Pyrenean district of Roussillon, which is now part of France. The *Ossestry Advertiser* of Jan. 20 has an accurate and scholarly article upon this subject, referring to the intimate connection between the Catalonian and the Provengal and Languedocian schools of poetry, which have their local representatives to this day. It reports the successful competition of the Welsh minstrel, using a Spanish guitar and reciting verses in the Catalan language, against M. Paul Bergé, of Perpignan, the champion of the Roussillon natives. It appears that Paul Bergé could sing from memory forty-four songs, amounting to 140 verses, but the Welsh gentleman remembered 161 verses, and was therefore declared to be the victor. We are not told his ordinary name, which is probably known in Wales.

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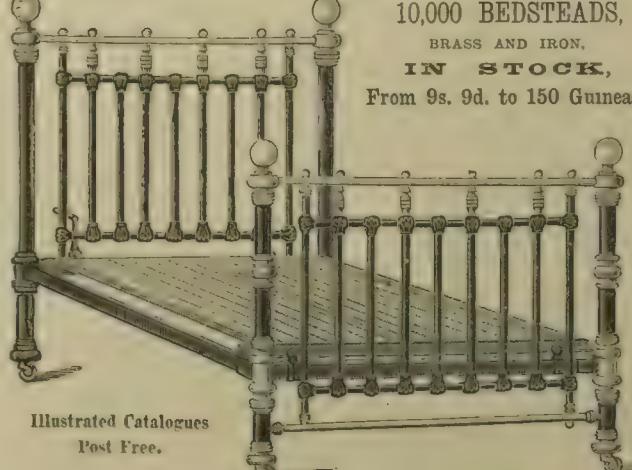
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The best test of the popularity of a play is when we say on the fall of the curtain, "Bravo! I should like to see it all over again," or "That is a play that will bear a second visit." There are not very many comedies of this pattern to be found nowadays, but "The Times," by Mr. A. W. Pinner, is decidedly one of them. It improves on acquaintance. Indeed, I very much doubt if the whole significance of the work can be grasped, even by the most practised playgoer, at one sitting. When I first saw "The Times" it seemed to me to be unduly acclimated, the pessimistic stop was pulled out a little too far. I kept asking myself, "Is this altogether fair? Is human nature as bad as this? It is true, no doubt, painfully, horribly true; but is there not to be found somewhere a healing balm for all these wounds? Love, loyalty, honour, unselfishness, what of them? Is it quite fair to paint a picture of society with only the seamy side exhibited?" But no matter what I thought, still the people laughed. They disregarded the purpose of Mr. Pinner's play, they ignored his exquisite cynical touches, they saw no skeleton at this banquet of life. How they laughed! Whenever Mr. Edward Terry came upon the stage and related his woes in his infinitely comical manner, dear me! how they shook with laughter! When he described how the Irish member shouted, "Blankets!" as he crossed the lobby, the whole house was in a roar. I thought that a lady and her husband who were in my immediate neighbourhood would have to be carried out in convulsions. It was no satire to them, only a rollicking farce. Even Montague Trimble, the finnicketing humbug, the tame cat with dangerous claws, was to them as amusing as the clown with the red-hot poker in the pantomime. They saw no pathos in the anxious face of dear little Mrs. Egerton Bompas, no grim humour in the selfish drunken son, no shudder in the offensively vulgar Irish landlady and her daughter. To some of us the satire was a little too severe. It left a nasty taste in the mouth; but the majority always laughed.

But when I saw the play again the shudder had turned into a sorrow. I could see only before me a grim and terrible tragedy. This was evidently the true purpose of the play. The author had used farce as a direct means to tragedy. Again, as I sat out the play, the people laughed more heartily than before. They laughed at Bompas in the heyday of his success: they did not cease to roar at the supreme moment of his downfall. You may search through the pages of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes," and I defy you to find a situation more infinitely pathetic than the one where Mrs. Bompas twines her dear little arms round her "old man's" neck, and tries to comfort him in his hour, not only of sorrow, but of humiliation. "All! all! have left me; only one" remains faithful at the hour of wreckage. The good wife, brave little creature, is at her post! And what infinite comfort it is recalling old days when love—honest, true, hearty love—was not divided by Mammon. This is what nine-tenths of the women of the world feel. They have hearts somewhere. Their better feelings are not altogether blunted. It is in the hour of sorrow that we become human, and it is a good woman who humanises us! Here is a picture for a master of modern tragedy like Mr. Oscar Wilde. Here is a scene of modern life with two actors in it, "Getting On!" The crash has come, pleasure has ended like the Dead Sea apples, wealth has had no power to stem the tide of the misfortune. The man, haggard, worn, worried, disappointed, gazes, half mad with vexation,

into vacancy, and the wife—bless her heart!—leaps at the sorrow as the justification of herself, bounds at the idea of the fulfilment of herself and her purpose, and, twining her arms round the old man's neck, bids him hope and rest in the anchorage of love. What a sad and solemn scene! What a dramatic moment, touched with such infinite tenderness by Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Edward Terry! What an epitome of life! What a poignant illustration of the hollowness and emptiness of ambition! What tears are here concealed! But the people laughed!

Somebody—dear, kind soul!—has sent me an absurd little cutting from a newspaper, or a leaflet, or a bundle of self-satisfied egotisms in which it is actually pointed out as a marvellous discovery that there were French plays in London and in the provinces long before the Renaissance period of 1860. Of course there were! Who doubts it? Who disputed it? Did not Herr Deverent play Hamlet at St. James's? Did not Rachel electrify London at the same theatre as the dying Adrienne Lecouvren? Did not our fathers and mothers—thanks to Mr. Mitchell, of Bond Street—bring over Lafont and Ravel, and Regnier and Adèle Page, and scores more stars in tragedy and comedy? No one said, or pretended to say, that French art was studied for the first time about 1860. But at that time the "boycott" was removed from the foreign players. They were not compelled to play to society alone at the exclusive little theatre in King Street, but, thanks to Mr. John Hollingshead and Mr. Mayer, were brought to the front and given to the educated people. A few years before the company from the Théâtre Historique had been hissed off the stage at Drury Lane for daring to play "Monte Cristo" in French. But the ban of excommunication was removed, and the French players were feted at a banquet at the Crystal Palace, presided over by English statesmen. That is all. It is not so very wonderful, is it?

Mr. George Alexander promises us a new author, and the theatrical world is naturally in a state of healthy excitement. They are now busy rehearsing Mr. Oscar Wilde's new comedy, and from it much is expected. So caustic an essayist, so trenchant an epigrammatist, so humorous a writer ought to write an admirable comedy. Mr. Oscar Wilde has written several plays, but up to the present moment I do not think that any of them have been produced in public. And it is interesting to learn that at last Mr. Charles Wyndham promises us a new play. We want one badly at the Criterion. His revivals have always been judicious, but we want Mr. Charles Wyndham in a new character. He is too admirable an artist to cease creating and to lean entirely on recollections

The Town Council of Cambridge has ordered a Bill to be drafted for the ensuing Session of Parliament to abolish the police jurisdiction of the University in that town.

The Royal Geographical Society, on Monday, Feb. 8, received Captain F. E. Younghusband, the enterprising traveller in Central Asia, whose exploring mission to the Pamir region, a few months ago, was interrupted by Russian officers. He gave an interesting account of his observations in the journeys he performed, successively, in the years 1889, 1890, and 1891, to the north of Kashmir and Gilgit, returning safely, in October, through the Hunza Valley. Peaks, passes and glaciers, in the mountain barrier of India, seem to be incomparably more stupendous than any in Switzerland and its Alps.

MUSIC.
The "genus" comic opera, as associated with the genius of Mr. Arthur Roberts, is not precisely identical with the forms of comic opera which are generally accepted as coming under that designation. It belongs rather to a category of its own, being, in fact, of a hybrid nature that combines the elements of French opéra-bouffe with those of British burlesque. We had a good deal of this sort of thing when Mr. Roberts was at the Avenue Theatre, and when the late Mr. H. B. Farnie, who was a great adept at manufacturing the mixture, used to utilise the works of Lecocq, Andran, Plangnette, and lesser Parisian lights for his purpose. But recently there has been a tendency to dispense with the foreign article and rely altogether upon native talent for the production of the requisite combination. The prescription, after all, is simple. Take a good stage story, no matter how familiar, so long as it is attractive and will admit of picturesque treatment; give it to one or more popular dramatists and versifiers of the day, with instructions to provide a big part for Mr. Arthur Roberts, and others in proportion; also to furnish a certain quantity of lyrics to be set to music, and fill in with dialogue and puns according to space and to taste. The musical composer need not essentially be a celebrity. If he is, so much the better, of course; but the only real *sine qua non* is that he should be well up to his work, and skilful enough in his art to justify the use of the term "comic opera." The scene-painter, the costumer, the conductor, and the stage-manager will do the rest.

Such plain, straightforward lines would seem to have been followed in the case of "Blue-Eyed Susan," and with results which we may fairly describe as satisfactory, for notwithstanding a vigorous attempt on the part of the conductor to carry the performance into the "small hours" of a Sunday morning, the reception of the piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Feb. 6 was eminently favourable. The new manager of this house, Mr. C. J. Abud, certainly left nothing undone that liberality could procure for the successful accomplishment of his design. The good old drama of Douglas Jerrold, as served up afresh by the adroit pens of Messrs. G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, has never before been so elegantly mounted. The quarter-deck of the Dantless, a superbly solid structure, is even illuminated by the electric light; while the tumble folks of Deal, including the impecunious Susan, are supplied with dresses (designed by Mr. Percy Anderson) not less rich and costly in their way than the magnificent uniforms worn by the officers in his Majesty's service. The story has, of course, been altered from "grave to gay," and conspicuous among the incidents thus treated is the court-martial scene, which affords a felicitous medium for the peculiarly individual humour of Mr. Arthur Roberts and a general caricature of our latter-day legal methods. Captain Crosstree is presented by the favourite actor as a hater of the sea and all belonging to it, save the sweethearts whom he deems himself entitled to find in every port; and his tipsy love-making to Susan in the first act is quite in his most whimsical vein. Another character depicted in a comic light is that of the sneaking lawyer, Doggrass, whom Mr. Arthur Williams will ultimately make an extremely amusing personage. The blue eyes of Miss Nellie Stewart—a charming singer and very pleasing actress—sufficiently account for the change in the title; but why a lady should have been chosen for the part of Williams is not altogether clear, nor do Miss Marian Burton's costumes help her to lend *raisons d'être* to her impersonation. Concerning the music of "Blue-Eyed Susan" we may speak with emphatic praise. Albeit an unknown man, except as to

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his "Joan of Arc," Mr. F. Osmond Carr is evidently a composer of merit—a musician possessing an abundant store of tuneful melody and more than an average degree of familiarity with the technical resources of his art, his vocal part-writing and orchestration being particularly excellent. We shall expect to hear more of Mr. Osmond Carr in the future, and perhaps in comic opera of a higher calibre. Meanwhile, to him the latest Prince of Wales's success owes by far the greatest measure of its artistic interest and charm.

The place of honour in the scheme of the Popular Concert on Feb. 6 was accorded to Schubert's octet, this being the first performance of the work in question before Saturday audience during the present season. The attendance, happily, was very much larger than on that miserable Monday when the octet was played before a scanty and sorrowful assemblage, two days prior to the funeral of the late Duke of Clarence. Madame Néruda once more filled the post of "leader," and, with her accustomed companions, achieved a notably fine rendering of Schubert's glorious composition. At this concert, and again on Feb. 8, the pianist was Mlle. Szumowska, who is rapidly becoming a favourite at the Pops. Her interpre-

tion of some pieces by Handel, Schubert, and Mendelssohn gave entire satisfaction, and she also introduced with marked success two very graceful movements—a "Thème Turc," and an "Intermezzo Polacco"—from the pen of her master, M. Paderewski. We may further note the débâcle at these concerts of that refined and capable artist Mr. Eugène Oudin, whose delivery of Gounod's "La Vallon" and Lotti's "Pur dieci" so delighted his hearers that an encore was demanded in each instance.

London amateurs have reason to be grateful to Sir Charles Hallé for affording them the opportunity of knowing Dvorák's Suite in D for small orchestra, Op. 39. Although not brought forward as a novelty, it was unquestionably such, at any rate so far as the Metropolis is concerned; and it seems not a little strange that a work so thoroughly characteristic of the Bohemian master's genius should not have been discovered, or rather ferreted out, by our own local orchestral directors. Henceforward the Suite in D will not be permitted to remain in obscurity, and we strongly advise the Philharmonic Society to add it to their repertory during the coming season. At his concert of Feb. 5, Sir Charles Hallé not only conducted a

highly interesting programme, but fairly amazed his admirers, old and young, by his remarkably vigorous, yet delicate exhibition of faultless *mécanisme* in Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto.

The repairs and restoration of Lichfield Cathedral require a sum of £20,000, for which subscriptions were invited at a county meeting held on Feb. 3, presided over by the Earl of Dartmouth, the Lord Lieutenant.

A powerful new kind of torpedo, the joint invention of Mr. Edison and Mr. Scott Sims, was exhibited at Spithead, on Feb. 3, to the Duke of Connaught and his military staff. This torpedo, 31 ft. long and 20 in. in diameter, travels through the sea, to a distance of two or three miles, carrying forward an electric cable, by which both the propelling force and the means of exploding the charge are furnished, while its course is also directed, in some degree, by manipulating the electric apparatus. The charge is 500 lb. of dynamite or other explosive. The torpedo is to be consigned to the Royal Engineers for some further experiments, but could be made equally available for use in the Royal Navy.

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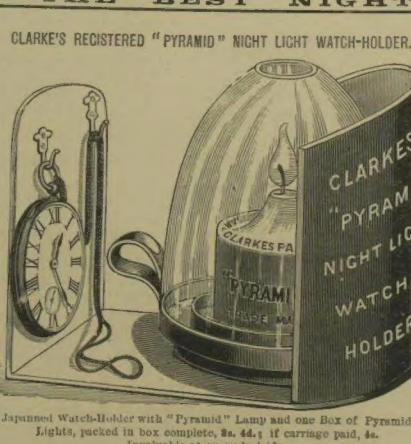
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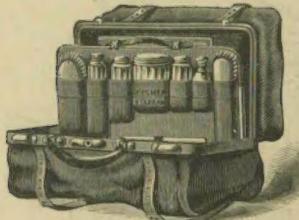
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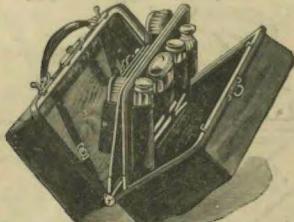
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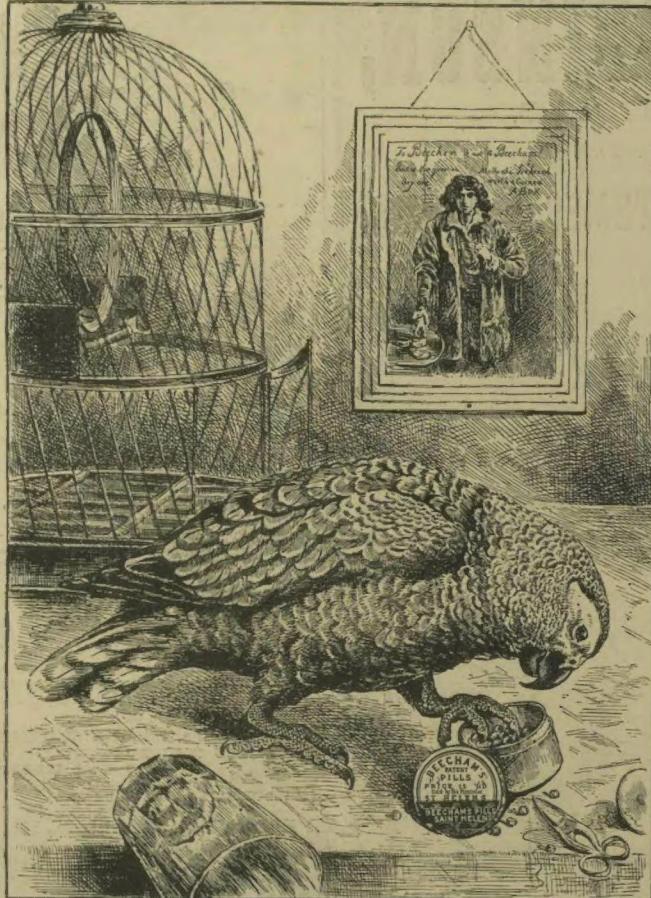
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